MAY 11,
1940

Liberty

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V. TCHETCHET

OW TO FIND A BETTER JOB by Professor Walter B. Pitki

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

tartling Disclosures of Washington Society by a Senator's Daughte

You can't get by on Prettiness Alone

You can't get by on prettiness alone . . . nor on good-looking clothes . . . nor on a perfect figure . . . nor on a "peppy" personality. They get you nowhere if your breath is off color. And, lady, it may be that way plenty often . . . without you realizing it. When it is, a girl might just as well close up her date book. This offensive condition is one that a man simply will not put up with.

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Some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are due to systemic conditions, but usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gum surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes—the breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

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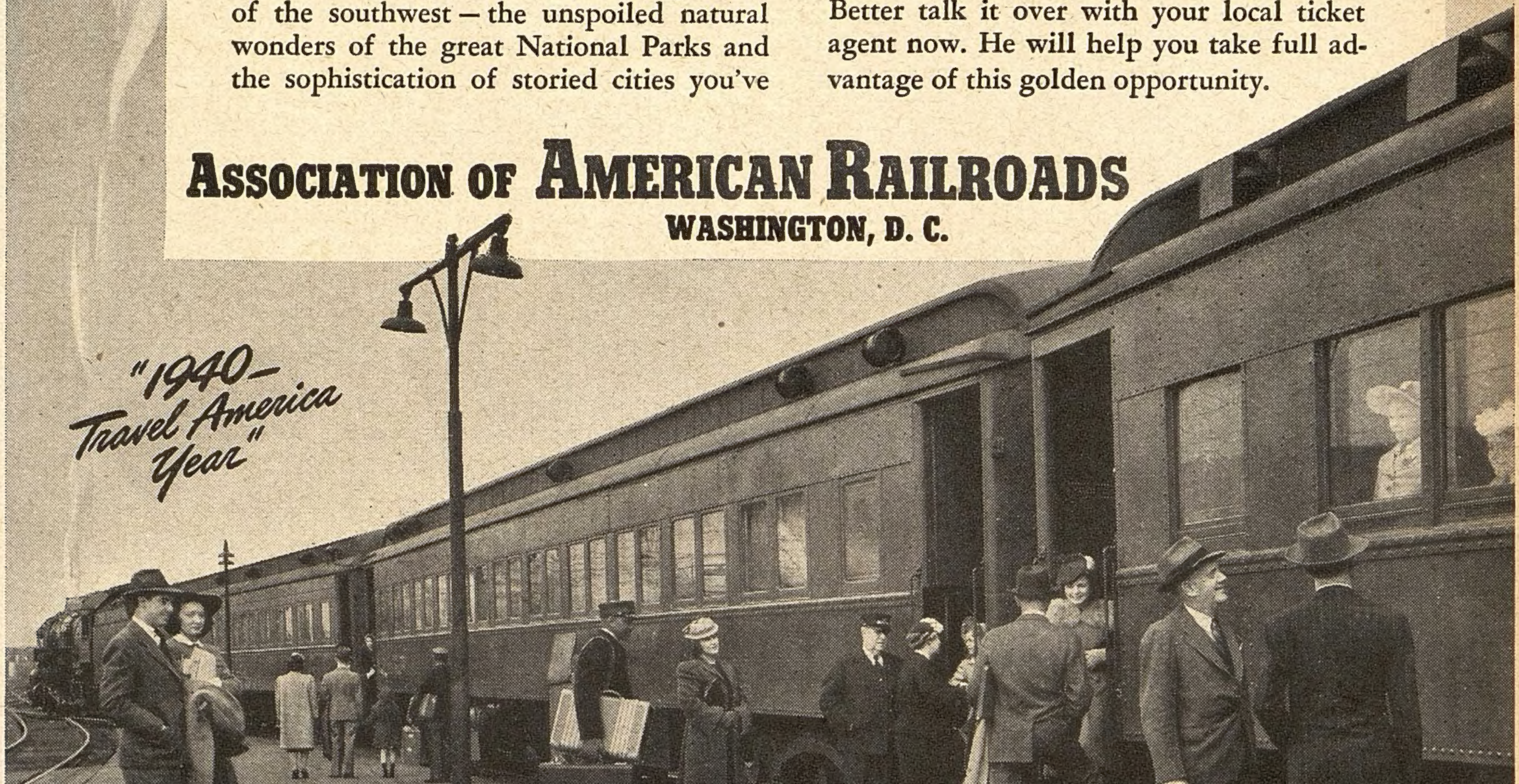
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.



MAY 11, 1940

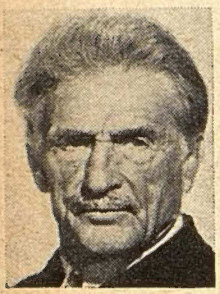
Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 19

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

A TYRANNICAL DICTATOR FOR US? PERHAPS!



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The assumption of dictatorial power in any government is a slow process. In both Russia and Germany all sorts of promises were made to the various groups by the would-be dictators, but when the links were forged that gave them the privilege they sought, promises were forgotten.

It is not unlike some of our politicians. They sometimes promise anything and everything to everybody, but they have a very convenient memory. They can at will erase from their mind any unpleasant obligation.

We are approaching another election. Voters on this occasion have to make very important decisions.

Do we want a dictatorial government, or do we want to continue the American system?

These are two questions that every voter should ask himself, and if our citizens desire to possess the liberties that we have so keenly cherished, they will have to be sure that every favorite candidate is radically opposed to government by men rather than by law. A government by men provides the same dictatorial control that we find in Italy, Germany, and Russia, and to a large extent they have one-man power. The American system depends on the votes of the people. The people make the decision as to the kind of government they desire.

As a nation we are facing very grave problems. The present administration has acquired extraordinary dictatorial powers under the guise of the existence of emergencies. The list of these discretionary powers is astonishing. Here are a few:

The President controls the banks and Stock Exchange; he can further devalue the dollar; continue to increase the competition with private business and with industry generally; restrict production of individual farmers; control our transportation lines, radio, telephone, and telegraph.

Perhaps some of these extraordinary privileges will not be used unless we have war, but they are controlling the output of industry at the present time. They have created many businesses in competition with private industry. They have already commandeered all the gold, and they have paid a price for silver so much above market value our Treasury is gradually acquiring all of this metal.

The possibility of this government being controlled by a dictator is clearly evident to every intelligent student of governmental affairs. The steellike grip of a tyrannical ruler is usually encased in a velvet glove. It is like the siren that woos one with a winning smile, with disaster and destruction the ultimate objective.

We should be sure every candidate we vote for in this coming election is not only an American citizen but believes in American ideals and principles.

We have developed the wealthiest country in the world. If we were to open our shores to unlimited immigration at this time, literally millions of people would come here from all parts of the world. Many foreigners have already brought us strange creeds. They would like to possess themselves of our wealth. They would like to take over this government by force or any other available means.

We cannot quote too often that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the special vigilance we need at this time is a careful survey of every candidate who seeks our votes.

Does he favor those principles of the New Deal which advocate various "isms"? Is he in sympathy with the regimentation of industry and labor which is so clearly evident in some of the laws that have been recently enacted? Is he in sympathy with the further devaluation of the dollar? Has he a proper appreciation of the advantages that we have secured through constitutional government?

Throughout all history the workers have never received the high wages which they are being paid in the various lines of industry in this country. To be sure, there are millions of unemployed eating at the government table, but when we consider the manner in which business and industry of all kinds have been criticized and discouraged from governmental sources we could easily ascertain the main cause of this disastrous situation.

It is through the development of business, encouragement of every kind of activity in the investment world that employment is promoted and maintained, and when our leading officials can be referred to as a "hostile government" (quoting Mr. Thomas E. Dewey) we are facing a sad situation.

The source of employment cannot be continually and caustically attacked without a gradual reduction in the investments that produce employment. The resulting increase in unemployment is automatic. It could not be otherwise.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"GIVE MY BEST TO THE FOLKS"

"Hope to be seeing you soon." . . . "Gee, it's swell to hear your voice." . . . "We're all well here."

No great words of business or state are these—just the homey, every-day conversations that are America. The thoughts and hopes and remembrances that bind families and friends together. The flow of understanding that helps to make this a united nation.

Always the Bell System stands ready to help—to do its part quickly, cheaply, courteously, in the manner of a friend.

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We turn out to dance with the Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Grommets.

TALES OUT OF School

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Startling disclosures from behind the scenes of Washingtons society

BY A SENATOR'S DAUGHTER

The young author of this series of articles is what she professes to be, the daughter of one of the well known United States senators, but for obvious reasons she prefers to remain anonymous.

PART ONE—A DISILLUSIONED LADY BARES HER HEART

I AM one of an accidentally exclusive group of half a dozen young women whose fathers have been so long in the United States Senate that Washington is our real home, no matter how loyally we sing the praises of dear old Kansiana—for papa's sake.

I went to elementary and high schools in Washington. I was a Washington debutante. I have been to every party, tea fight, reception, and cocktail brawl of any consequence in Washington for enough years to qualify me as an expert. I know Washington society from the guarded Victorian parlors of the "cliff dwellers" to the bucolic hops of the job holders' State Associations, from the White House to the roadhouses. I know politics as intimately as a miner's child knows coal dust—and there isn't much difference.

I mean to say, I *know* Washington. And it is spinach. Not very well washed spinach, either.

My father is a better than average senator. He is more famous than most—which is no standard of worth. He often defends lost causes and champions unpopular but meritorious legislation, unless it is one of his election years. I hoped during my subdeb and post-adolescent years that he would not become infected with the stuffed-shirt-itis that so obviously afflicts the fathers of most of my friends, but I have hoped in vain. Washington gets the best of them.

Even papa's old-fashioned nightshirt has taken on, in his eyes, the attributes of a Roman toga. Let some matter of family policy or domestic difficulty be propounded to him, and he acts as if somebody in the audience had demanded to know how he stands on national economy. He makes a speech, the substance of which is yes-and-no, with quotations from the classics. I know, if he is defeated when next he seeks re-election, that the family will not go back to dear old Minnebraska. Papa will open a law office in Washington and become one of the scores of ex-officeholders lobbying among their former colleagues. Meanwhile, maybe he will be elected President.

I hate Washington's insincerity, its jealousies, its phony pomp and ludicrous orders of precedence, its backbiting and toe-kissing. There does not even seem to be hope for escape through marriage. All the young men in Washington are on the government pay roll, including my Freddie, who has proposed to me fifteen times despite the kicking around he gets from me. I don't kick him too hard or too far. Unattached young men are too scarce in Washington. Any personable young male under thirty-five, say, who has evening clothes and knows how to wear them, who can dance reasonably well and hold his liquor, finds a living Mohammedan heaven on earth in Washington. After a while, however, the virus gets him, puts fat on his brain as well as on his waistline.

MY Freddie is well on his way to become an excellent, intelligent officeholder of the bureaucratic upper crust. Life with him would be a career of condescending kindness to his subordinates and gushing deference to his bosses. And sugar-coated treachery toward his equals, who are therefore his rivals. That, and the constant worry about making ends meet while trying to keep up with, if not ahead of, the Joneses in this most expensive city in the world.

Freddie offers no escape. I'd only be doing, as his wife, what I have had to do as my father's daughter ever since my eighteenth birthday, which anniversary made me automatically eligible for Washington's Almanach de Gotha and hostesses' Bible—Mrs. Hagner's Social List.

The social lines in Washington are more numerous than the castes in India. It does not seem to be so much a case of the higher the fewer as it is the higher the phonier. Don't think I am slurring the occupants of the White House. My dear! There are social classes in Washington that believe White House tenants to be positively bourgeois.

Senators look down on representatives, representatives scorn bureaucrats, bureau heads spurn division chiefs, Republicans snoot Democrats, civil service employees sneer at political appointees. Senators patronize Cabinet members, who have to pretend to be nice because the Senate can cut appropriations. But all of them are bums in the eyes of the First Families of dowdy Massachusetts Avenue, who allow themselves, in turn, to be patronized and exploited by European ambassadors with titles above the rank of baron.

In this, the heart of our great democracy, the apex of the social structure is the British ambassador, regardless of the human being who fills the ambassadorial pants.

It is a swell, cozy little town for a woman who wants to use her head for something more than to support a fifteen-dollar permanent! No wonder boredom unnerves so many that the Seventh Commandment gets as scant respect as the anti-jaywalking ordinance.

The United States Senate has been called the most exclusive club in America. It calls itself the greatest deliberative body in the world. I'll say it is deliberate! Personally, I think the Gridiron Club has it all over the Senate for exclusiveness, and brains too. Composed as it is of fifty—no more, no less—top-notch newspapermen, self-perpetuating in membership, the Gridiron Club is of considerably more importance to this democracy of ours than the Senate—and I say it although no woman has ever been a guest at any of its functions.

If it were not for the Washington correspondents, most of the Senate would be trying to earn $1,000 a year in walk-up law offices back home in Goose Crick. Senators depend upon the newspapermen for most of their ideas, and depend upon them utterly to express those ideas in grammatical English for the constituents to read.

The Senate is called exclusive because it is itself the judge of any man's worth to be included in its not so sacred numbers, no matter how nearly unanimously the individual was elected. Once or twice the Senate has tossed out some member-elect who was careless enough to let it be found out that he paid more than the

Instead of saying, "Please pass the sugar," papa is likely to orate until his coffee is cold.

If the poison in the gossip were distilled, Boulder Dam wouldn't be big enough to hold it all.

legal limit for his election—$25,000.

Once you are a senator, you can depend upon the votes of all your colleagues if you are selected for some job which the Senate must confirm, such as ambassador, Cabinet member, Supreme Court or lesser federal judge. By the same token, you can keep outsiders from such jobs by announcing to the Senate that the nominee is "personally obnoxious" to you. All sorts of wonderful things can come a senator's way if he hints that So-and-So, who wants to be a federal judge at $15,000 a year for life, is likely to be "personally obnoxious"—of all the silly pompous phrases! There are usually acceptable means of convincing the senator that So-and-So is really a most capable fellow.

Also, as a senator, you get all the mineral water you can drink delivered to your office free, and you won't be investigated if you have a government messenger carry a case to your house. You get your shaves and haircuts free. You eat in the most expensive restaurant in Washington, but the food costs you less than it would in an armchair beanery. The taxpayers make up the Senate restaurant deficit every year. If the rich food makes you too soft and windbroken, a well appointed gymnasium is maintained by John Q. Public for your exclusively senatorial use. And if you get sick anyhow—why, there is a free doctor to make you well.

If you feel a speech coming on, nobody can stop you from making it or for talking as long as you have the wind. Your speeches are printed and distributed free in the Congressional Record, and for a purely nominal sum you can have them printed on leaflets and mailed without cost (to you) to your home-state voters, who foot the bill via taxes.

The Senate may not be the most exclusive club in the world, but it is certainly the most privileged.

No wonder, then, that presently even the most human of men and the most kindly of fathers get delusions of grandeur. Instead of saying "Please pass the sugar," papa is likely to orate: "My dearly beloved friends, I know not whether that great article of commerce, that product of a great and vital industry, was grown in the canebrakes of our sister republic, Cuba, or in the tropic fields of our worthy ward, the Philippine Commonwealth, or in the lush acres of the renowned State of Louisiana, or in the vast prairies of Nebraska. Sweet essence of kindly sun and fertile earth, distilled and crystallized by the cunning art of man, it is indispensable to the health and the happiness of humanity and, at the present moment, to your humble servant . . ."

By that time his coffee is cold and the family has gone to the movies or a White House reception.

BUT if senators act like the Dalai Lama even in their own bathrooms, they have their worries—worries which center, in the main, upon getting re-elected to their happy existence. They only have to seek the public's approval every six years, of course. That is why they snoot representatives, who have to gamble their jobs every two years. By some self-hypnotism, that makes senators think they are three times as important as congressmen, although they get the same meager $10,000 a year, plus office help and stationery. Of course, representatives do not get free mineral water and they have to walk from their offices to the Capitol across the plaza, whereas senators have a free private subway.

So papa wonders whether he voted right yesterday and whether he will be voting right tomorrow, every sixth year. He has to keep in touch with local problems and local needs. He does not have to try very hard to do that, because he gets plenty of letters from the home folks and too many personal visits. The trouble is that in every hundred letters there are thirty-three kinds of advice, and every visitor claims to control 5,000 votes. No wonder papa tends to the ambiguous even when commenting on the weather.

It is wonderful to see papa stop being Oom the Omnipotent when some of the home folks of real political heft come to call. He puts on the shoes with the worn soles that he keeps in his bottom drawer, and then cocks his feet on the desk so the

Marthe Moore

We bring our most dependable boy friends to feed ice cream to Miss Pansy Prune.

effect will not be buried in the $1,000 green rug on his office floor. He conscientiously says "ain't" and "you was." If some colleague calls him up with an invitation to play golf while the visitors are there, he says, "No, I am too busy today. I can't leave my office." He explains to his callers that it was the White House that telephoned, asking for a conference.

After the visitors leave—let us hope, for papa's sake, that they leave very well impressed—the senator kicks himself twice, and then goes home to take it out on the little woman and the kiddies with an imitation of Mussolini telling the Albanians where they get off.

When I refer to "papa" I am not being impudent to my sire. In this story "papa" is a collective noun, standing for all the masculine progenitors of my companions in the Daughters of the Senate Club—DOTS.

THAT club actually exists. It is another one that is really more exclusive than the Senate. You have to be born into it, like the royal family or the Society of the Cincinnati. It was formed in 1926 by Marianne Harrison, daughter of the once fiery "Pat" Harrison of Mississippi. (His real name is Byron Patton H.) Among the charter members were Lyla Townsend, now Mrs. Prew Savoy, and Elizabeth Wheeler, now Mrs. Coleman, respectively the daughters of the senators from Delaware-and-Du Pont and Montana.

DOTS exists to provide the weary daughters with a meeting place outside the artificialities of Washington society where wealth and politics cut no ice. There *are* senators' daughters with whom wealth and politics cut more ice than Admiral Byrd ever saw. By mutual consent they are not members of DOTS.

Two other purposes motivate the club—to standardize wedding gifts and to swap information. Both are important. The information that is exchanged ranges from bargain sales to tip-offs on the latest rackets that are forever being worked on persons of real or accidental prominence, some of which I will describe later. The gift problem is perennial. If a senator's daughter gets married, whether or not she is a member of DOTS, a gift is expected from the rest of the girls. That used to mean all sorts of difficulties. An unpopular girl used to get silver-plated bird baths from the cracked-and-chipped counter; popular daughters used to merit gifts that left the donors broke.

So DOTS standardized the wedding gift. Every senator's daughter who gets married is given a joint gift from all the club members—an engraved sterling silver card tray. Believe me, a card tray is of more importance to a Washington bride than a frying pan or a can opener. The average young Congressional matron has to dispense about 1,500 of the engraved pasteboards in a season. Otherwise no one will call on her, she will be invited nowhere, and her husband will lose face, lose contacts, and maybe lose promotion. Dancing with tiresome, left-footed, overpainted old Mrs. Senator I. Am will help a young man advance in his government job a lot more than study and toil will. And sitting out a dance with garter-snapping old Senator Bigwig is the duty of the ambitious young man's helpful wife.

This year Chiyo Thomas, daughter of the senator from Utah, is president of DOTS, and Cuyler Schwartz, daughter of Wyoming's senator, is treasurer. We DOTS members have our troubles of precedent, politics, and budget balancing, too. By the same token, we are willing logrollers for each other. We supply dancing partners for our fathers' important visiting firemen and their wives.

The annual State Association parties are a curse. Washington is always full of home-state job holders, who are banded together. Each State Association gives at least one dance a year, at which the senators and representatives and other upper-crust native sons have to make a more than fleeting appearance. If they do not, heaven help them at election time. Probably sixty per cent of the State Association's membership got on the federal pay roll with papa's help, but each appointee thinks he has received no more than his just due. If papa doesn't show up bravely at these job holders' jamborees, then he is a high-hat so-and-so and needs to be taken down a peg.

For some inscrutable and unjust reason, the most potent politically of the job holders are the homeliest women and the bucktooth lads with the flattest feet.

WELL, on such gala occasions we all rally around to aid our suffering sisters. We turn out in our prettiest frocks to dance with the Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Grommets in the Commerce Department, who controls 612 votes in Glue City, West Dakota. We bring our most dependable boy friends to feed ice cream to Miss Pansy Prune, confidential secretary to Commissioner Crumb and daughter of Boss Blackjack.

That's service!

We also work for each other's mamas, handing around sandwiches and tea at their At Homes and less formal parties—experiences which convince us that the Chinese women who load coal on trans-Pacific ships have nothing to complain about. If all the poison were distilled from the gossip bandied about at such parties, Boulder Dam wouldn't be big enough to hold it. The female elders apparently knew eight months and twenty days in advance of the happy event that Senator Smathers' beautiful and gracious young second wife was going to have a baby. Despite the ancient edict, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, they relate with elaborations that the late Senator Borah of Idaho used a patent astringent lotion on his face to prevent wrinkles.

It isn't what you say but how you say it. "I see Mrs. Congressman Smith has a new hat," can be uttered with an inflection and a quirk of well plucked eyebrow that implies Mrs. Smith has an affinity who robbed a bank to buy the hat under discussion.

That is a lovely 100-per-cent American atmosphere in which to rear a girl! No daughter of mine will ever get a whiff of it. I don't mean just the hen parties. Heavens, I know that the same sort of gossip is tossed around wherever women gather over a cup of tea, from Key West to Walla Walla, and that Congressional wives have less to do than most women of comparable age. They live in hotels, for the most part, and if they rent a house they don't even make their own beds. All the sights in Washington can be seen the first week of the newcomer's residence, and for some reason it is considered too terribly yokelish to visit, ever, the Smithsonian Institution or the National Museum. The vast government buildings, which contain exhibits entertaining and educational enough to occupy even a superior mind for six years, are likewise "places that only tourists visit."

We of the DOTS are driven more by desperation than by ambition to work of some kind; which provokes the gossiping wives of officialdom to more sibilant whispering as to just what family flaw inspired Frances Wheeler to muck around in welfare work, or Marjorie Nye to "go into trade" selling exclusive imported women's frocks.

MAYBE I ought to call my story Lives of the Hunted. It is hard for any one not on the scene to appreciate the actual terrors we suffer. Unscrupulous persons seek to attach scandal to our names just to hurt our papas' political careers. We are early taught to suspect everybody, and for good reasons. An invitation to a house party in Maryland may, if accepted, produce the permanent souvenir of a flashlight photograph showing you in your nightie in the company of a young man whose "evening attire" is distinctly not of the white-tie variety—and who entered your room just one step ahead of the photographer, whom you didn't ask to drop in either. The price of the negative may be cash or it may be a senator's career.

The popular belief is that senators' daughters lead the life of Reilly. I don't know who Reilly is, but I'll swap places with his daughter, sight unseen.

What other real perils, and what funny pitfalls, keep senators' daughters' eyes open? What smear-traps are set for their papas? Is Washington gossip what it was in Harding's day? Is it true that a Cabinet member and his chief aid don't speak? And what does one famed Presidential possibility do with his cigar butts? . . . Boy! Does this series' young author know all the answers! See if she doesn't, in Liberty next week!

Lovers' Jackpot

Fate strikes a blow for romance! A vivid, stirring story of courage

And then I went into the brush and got her.

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THEY were fighting when I got to Phil's Roost a little after midnight. A half dozen trucks were parked, with standing lights on, around the highway eating joint, and as I pulled my truckload of chickens in among them and cut the motor I could see the movement through the grimy windows and hear the shivering impact of bodies against the flimsy shack. As I went in, a jar of mustard hit the doorjamb by my ear. Phil said, "Fists only, please." He was leaning on the counter, refereeing, with a quart beer bottle in his hand.

"Mud and sinkers," I told Phil. Except for keeping out of their way, I wasn't much interested in just another brawl between truckers.

"Coming right up, Jake," Phil said. "This is about over."

Then I noticed the two fighting men, and I *was* interested. Speed Jordan and Ace Clark were having it out. That made it anything but just another brawl. Here was something that reached back and went deep.

Phil's Roost was the kind of a joint that has TABLES FOR LADIES lettered on the door. There was a counter along the end and a couple of booths built against the wall. Phil and his brother ran the place twenty-four hours a day without any help, and probably would retire rich because they didn't put burned bread or barley in the coffee and could fry an egg to order. That sounds like a simple formula for success, but truckers scour the highways for those simple things.

Nine truckers were spotted in strategic spots, watching the fight. Speed Jordan and Ace Clark were now on the floor, rolling over and over together. And somehow — crazily — I thought of Europe and hopeless conflicts.

Speed Jordan had been away for going on four years, but nothing had changed between him and Ace Clark. Their enmity was deep and obscure. Of course there was obvious motive enough. They'd been rivals in love, and Amy Lou Grayson was a girl worth fighting for; and there was the affair about Amy Lou's brother, Curt, that ended in death and sent Speed Jordan to prison. But two such men do not need motives for mutual hatred. They are born to it.

They came up on their feet and Ace knocked Speed sprawling over a booth table. Ace stood there, heaving, legs braced, fists pawing the air gently; a big man, dark, with a blue chin, and reckless; a guy to take chances and with the luck to get away with things. To my knowledge he'd broken four side mirrors on his big red tractor-and-trailer beer truck. A guy comes close enough to something four times to break the side mirror that sticks out five, six inches past his truck body, he's coming too close. He also got away with hauling paying passengers and hauling a little stuff that wasn't beer in his truck. A guy to take a chance and to hell with the percentages.

And there was Speed, gathering himself now off the booth table, charging at the dark man—the best truck driver who ever jammed a gear; a steady, level sort of guy who knew Old Man Averages always catches up. Speed charged, and reeled back from Ace's big fists. Speed came in again, and went floundering backwards again. You knew these two would never be friends—Ace big and hearty, with a smile that went on and off like a light, a guy easy to know but who didn't wear so well; Speed taciturn, cautious, slow to make friends. They could never mix except in conflict, and tonight in Phil's Roost could well have been a night going on four years past, when Speed was out on bail waiting trial after the affair where Curt Grayson met his death. The same enmity was there and everything was the same, except that tonight Ace was having his turn.

Speed didn't have the meat on his frame any more. He kept climbing to his feet and going in for more, but all he had was spirit any more. He did have that, and that was what I was afraid he wouldn't have after what had been happening to him.

I grabbed him as he would have made another groggy charge. "You've had enough, Speed," I said. I could feel his bones through his clothes, and it somehow embarrassed me.

"That guy can't—"

"Sure not. But some other time. Take a rain check."

Phil said over the counter to me, "Here's your coffee and."

"I'll pick it up the next trip," I told Phil, and started getting Speed out of there.

"I'll bet dogs and kids like you, Jake," Ace said as I went past. And to Speed: "You stay away from Sacramento, guy. I'm telling you."

Speed tried to get at him, but I handled him. Four years ago Speed could have handled me with both arms behind his back. It was a case of not enough beefsteak.

Outside, I asked, "Which is your truck?"

"I'm not working—right now. I dropped in there trying to hitch a ride to Sacramento, and Ace happened in."

"Come on. I'm rolling that way."

"Thanks, Jake." He put a lot into those two words.

As we headed for my truck I fancied I glimpsed a face at the window of Ace's red tractor. Carrying passengers would cost Ace his job. The beer company had lost a truck when one driver picked up a hitchhiker. I owned my own wagon and could take my own chances.

WE rolled, and the crates rattled behind, with the chickens making small sleepy noises. I didn't say anything. We were almost into Truckee when Speed said, "It's Amy Lou. I heard she was going to marry Ace."

"So I hear."

"She can't marry him. I wrote her a letter. Now I'm going to see her."

"What'll you tell her?"

"Not to marry Ace."

"Why not?"

Speed shrugged. "That's all."

Pretty soon we were grinding up the Sierras in creeper gear. After a while Ace was crawling up behind us, a quarter mile back. I could tell his truck by the lights. We would have a good start over the hump while he made that quarter-mile crawl, but I knew Ace would beat me into Auburn. He was a highballer. He'd take downgrades on brakes that I would take with gears.

"Speed," I said, "it's none of my business, but you're a fool."

"I know it, Jake. But she can't marry Ace. I've got to see her. I've got to tell her that."

"Just tell her that?"

"Yes."

I shook my head slowly, and the engine ground away underfoot. And again I felt that scratching hunch that there was more to be told than had or would be said. Four years can be a long time in some ways, and a minute in others. And right then it seemed hardly a minute back to when Curt Grayson was alive and driving relief with Speed. They were making the Salt Lake-Los Angeles run then in a sleeper truck, each man taking a four-hour turn at the wheel and then four hours on the shelf bunk behind the seat. And Speed was engaged to Curt's sister, Amy Lou. Speed was a guy you could envy—a big, lean, quiet guy who had the world by the tail on a downhill drag. He'd cut Ace out with Amy Lou, and he was working her brother Curt into line.

Curt was a likable kid with too much pep and not enough judgment. Curt had seen a lot of Ace while Ace was courting Amy Lou, and perhaps naturally the boy admired the way Ace drove a truck and the things Ace got away with. But Speed was winning him over, the way he'd won Amy Lou over, and except for that night when the truck ran wild, everything would have been all right.

THE truck ran wild on a grade in the southern Utah mountains. It was a rainy night. The gears didn't hold and the brakes didn't hold, and she ran loose. When the truck got out of hand on that rainy slope, Speed jumped and let her run. He admitted this in court. He admitted also that Curt was sleeping on the shelf at the time. It was sheer accident that the runaway truck smacked into a bus that was coming up the grade, killing Curt, the bus driver, and three passengers in the bus. It was accident that among the load was a carton of popular-brand cigarettes that smashed open and spewed its contents onto the wet hillside. A survivor from the bus opened a pack and found a dummy package with but two cigarettes inside. They were of the type known to addicts as reefers. Speed admitted he had been running the stuff as a side line.

The federal government put Speed in custody because of those cigarettes, but it was the other part that killed Speed Jordan among trucking men: Jumping and leaving Curt asleep in the runaway truck. He could live a hundred years and that would still be coming up. I could see him getting a job far away, and then farther away, and then farther away, and always, before long, his boss would be asking casually: "Say, Jordan, are you the guy they used to call *Speed* Jordan? A driver happened through and said—" And Speed would get his coat and walk away. Since the federal government had been satisfied, Speed had had long enough to know he couldn't run away from that.

But he'd heard Amy Lou was going to marry Ace, and he'd sent her a letter; and now he was going to Sacramento to see her. And that was an insane thing to do, for Amy Lou would rather see the devil than Speed Jordan. But the very insanity of it made my old hunch scratch again.

Ace stood there, heaving, fists pawing the air.

"Speed," I asked, as we crawled up onto the hump, "can you tell her anything? You don't have to tell me—but can you tell her anything she doesn't know?"

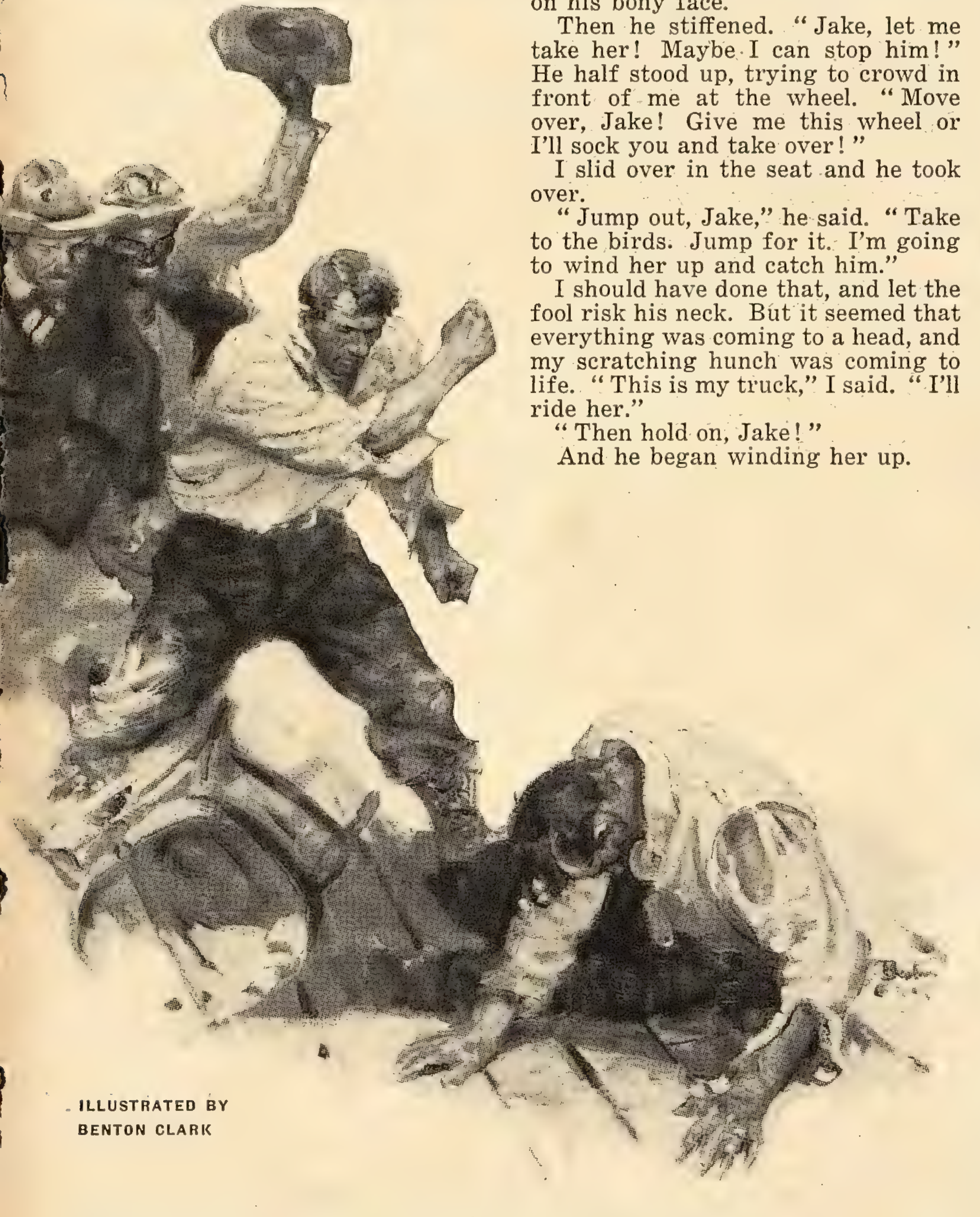
Speed kept looking straight out at the white road line under the lights.

"No," he finally said. "But I thought if I could see her . . ."

And we didn't talk any more for some time; not, in fact, until Old Man Averages began catching up to Ace Clark.

We had a good leg down this grade at the time, when Ace boomed up from behind and gave me the signal to pass. It was a long, steady grade and even with a light load of chicken crates I was taking it in number two gear. But Ace boomed up from behind with that big tractor and trailer, gave me the sign, and came alongside. I thought again I glimpsed the passenger's face at his cab window; then the big beer trailer cut in sharply ahead and began drawing away, and the stop lights were blinking. I hadn't heard his engine when he went by, and figured him to have put in his clutch and come around us by gravity. Then, ahead, the big trailer bucked as he eased the clutch in. That puts plenty of strain on every part of the running gear; but Ace got away with worse, and there was no particular reason that Old Man Averages should happen along.

The trailer bucked, and then it sort of jumped ahead and started picking up speed down the grade. The blinkers were going; Ace was giving her the air. But he kept on drawing away. He had brakes on that wagon that should have stood it on its ear in fifty yards. But he kept drawing away faster. He hit a curve and went out of sight around the shoulder of the hill, with that trailer making a big roundhouse skid. Not even Ace Clark was fool enough to take a curve like that if he didn't have to. And there was still plenty of grade left—miles of it. And the thing that haunts all truckers crawled with icy hooks along my spine.



ILLUSTRATED BY
BENTON CLARK

Speed broke the silence, speaking in a low tight way: "He won't make it, Jake. He might make it down as far as those sharp turns just before the grade levels off, but when he hits them—"

"Don't be a fool!" I said.

We came around the curve and could see Ace's blinkers, far down. "He's hanging with her," I said. "He didn't jump." Then, remembering, I could have bitten my tongue off.

But Speed didn't seem to hear. "He's running wild," he muttered. He knew what that meant, and in the faint light I could see sweat gleaming on his bony face.

Then he stiffened. "Jake, let me take her! Maybe I can stop him!" He half stood up, trying to crowd in front of me at the wheel. "Move over, Jake! Give me this wheel or I'll sock you and take over!"

I slid over in the seat and he took over.

"Jump out, Jake," he said. "Take to the birds. Jump for it. I'm going to wind her up and catch him."

I should have done that, and let the fool risk his neck. But it seemed that everything was coming to a head, and my scratching hunch was coming to life. "This is my truck," I said. "I'll ride her."

"Then hold on, Jake!"

And he began winding her up.

He didn't have a chance. Not a chance. If he caught Ace—in case he did—then what? I wasn't betting on my brakes. I don't bet on brakes. I work the percentages. But a hunch has made a fool of a man before. And also there was one more thing.

I slid over against him as we leaned around a tight-angle curve, and then moved over against the door as we went the other way. He was giving the truck all she would take. The tires were whining and the engine was snarling and the wind boomed past. Speed was hunched over the wheel with his eyes trying always to bore beyond the next curve. They didn't come any better than Speed, that's why I gave him the wheel—one reason. He hadn't lost any of his skill since he'd been away.

"You're going to pile us up!" I shouted above the hundred noises that combined to make a roar.

"I'll make it," he said, and didn't take his eyes off the business ahead.

"Why should you give a damn about Ace?"

"He's running wild." That seemed all the explanation needed. And maybe it was. It explained the thing I'd been wondering about, and also another. Speed never had got along with Ace Clark. But Ace was in trouble the worst way, and Speed had to try to help. Speed was a guy to risk his neck for a guy in trouble, and if the trouble was bad enough it didn't matter who the guy was.

YOU never jumped out of that truck and left Grayson in it asleep!" I yelled. I knew this now. Speed wasn't the type. He couldn't have done that. "You didn't jump!"

"Shut your face," Speed ground out.

And then I thought I ought to tell him about the passenger with Ace. I started to, and didn't finish. After all, a guy's nerve might be better if he doesn't know too much. I had seen a glimpse of the passenger's face twice, once back at Phil's Roost, and once when Ace passed around us. The second glimpse made me pretty sure. But Speed hadn't seen anything, and maybe he'd better not know anything.

We were doing better time than the free-rolling truck now. Every time we fought around a bend the winking blinkers and the cluster of riding lights were closer.

"What'll we do when we catch him?" I yelled.

"I'll do this. There's a chance. Poor devil. . . ." He was sweating, and his eyes were geared ahead. The big trailer took a curve ahead and slid around it at an angle. Ace was no slouch at the wheel. He was using the whole road and ironing out the kinks.

We bore around the curve after Ace like a dog chasing a cat, and kept creeping closer. The next curve was blind to the left, and as we cut through it, right behind Ace, I saw headlights swing straight for us. A car was coming ahead on up the grade. I hadn't dared even think about this as we screamed through the inside of blind curves.

Ace's wagon lurched, the headlights dodged. It was reflex with both drivers. Ace took a rear fender of the car and flung it up like an autumn leaf in the wind. The fender smacked our windshield and I gave a silent prayer of thanks for safety glass as it bounced off. The windshield was a soggy spider web now.

We tagged Ace around some curves. We were practically scratching his rear bumper. And try that some time. Then the road quit dodging for a spell and Speed gave Ace the lights and gave him the horn, and in the straight stretch swung to the left and tried to gun past. Ace was rolling free and Ace was rolling fast. His brakes were gone and his engine drag was gone, and gravity was sucking him along. He had the friction of his running gear and he had wind resistance and he had the curves and inequalities of the road; but that is all he had to slow him down, and that wasn't much.

Speed gunned my wagon. The gas was on the floor. He pulled the nose up alongside the red trailer, up to the tractor, up to the hood of the tractor, and we were neck and neck, booming down the grade. And ahead was the black shoulder of the hill.

WE were running out of straight road, and I knew there wasn't time to get ahead. The road cut to the left, and Ace would have to cut through that curve to make it with wheels under him. He would have to knock us off the road as he cut through. He'd do it. I would do it. He'd have to. Speed kept gunning her, and I couldn't look. Speed was already on the wrong side of the road to make that curve, and he kept the gas on the floor.

I smacked my nose on something as the truck sat up on its ear. I rattled around on the floor boards a bit and then climbed onto the seat. We were still on the road.

"Made it," Speed was grunting. "I'm ahead of Ace."

Then I started to get the idea, and it was a crazy one. Speed was dabbing at the brake pedal and keeping half an eye on the side mirror to watch Ace behind. He dabbed at the brake pedal on and off, easily, delicately. He didn't clamp down on those brakes. Presently something nudged us with gentle and heavy force from behind. Ace had come against us.

Speed kept pecking at the brake pedal, just tickling it. He didn't clamp down. With our speed and that big beer truck behind, he would have ground out those linings like cheese if he'd clamped on a steady pressure. He just kept jabbing on and off, like a surgeon pricking to uncover a nerve.

We barreled into another curve and Speed let her roll with just the engine as drag. As we came out of the curve he began dabbing again, gently and quickly, trying to coax the two tandem trucks down to a safe speed.

"How much we got left?" he grunted.

"Maybe a couple miles before we hit the tough going."

"I'll make it," he said, and kept dabbing. He talked like a man who knew, and the way he said it almost got me in the mood. Speed could drive; he became a part of the truck and maybe he could sort of feel its capabilities. He kept jabbing, jabbing, and after a while I knew we were easing down, slowing ourselves and that big tractor and trailer that was pushing from behind. But we were still rolling on that road when the bad curve came up. We still were eating ground plenty fast.

When we were through those bad ones and the grade was easing off, I wasn't any more surprised than at walking on water or other routine miracles. Then we were just coasting, slower and slower. Finally Speed switched off the engine and that brought us to a stop. We didn't have enough brake lining left to choke a California flea.

Speed relaxed over the wheel. I wasn't so spry myself. The night was quiet now, except that very faintly from somewhere behind was a tiny wailing siren. Some cop was on our trail. I had to get out. I was a little sick at the stomach. I wanted to lie down on the solid unmoving earth. Ace, behind us, switched off his lights. His left-hand door opened and I heard him say to his passenger, "You'd better dodge into the brush. The company don't allow passengers. Some cars will be stopping and you can appear in the crowd." I saw his passenger in the dim light, moving out of the cab to the brush, and I knew I'd been right about that. I heard Ace get out the other side and go up along my truck.

"Oh," he said, surprised at seeing Speed at the wheel. "So you are herding it." He didn't know what to say for a minute, and I walked around the front end beside him. "Well—thanks, guy." That came hard. "Thanks. . . ."

Speed mentioned Ace's ancestors in an unprintable way.

"Yeah — I was a fool, taking chances," Ace admitted. "But—thanks. I'm willing to shake hands."

"Go to hell," Speed said, with a little embroidery.

"Shake hands, Speed!" I said. "Why not let bygones be bygones?" I was thinking of that passenger in the bushes, and taking a chance. I knew Speed never would shake hands, but I was trying to make him sore enough to blow up. "Shake hands, Speed! Forget the past."

AND it worked. Speed exploded. "Shake hands," he said. "That'll make everything peaches and cream, won't it? That'll unwreck that bus, won't it? That'll bring Curt back to life, won't it, Ace? Curt thought it was smart to be like you are and drive like you do and try to get away with what you do, and if it hadn't been for that—"

"Now, wait a minute!" Ace bawled. "You ain't trying to hang nothing on *me!*"

"Ace," I said, "that siren's getting closer. Maybe you'll want to check your load over before the cops do, if you've got a little something besides beer in that wagon." That was a guess, and why should the cops bother Ace's load? But Ace was shaky after that wild ride, and he wasn't thinking. He ran back to his trailer and I could hear cases and barrels moving in a hurry. Everything was winding up tonight, and I could feel it. Bets were paying off and Old Man Averages was catching up. The siren was getting louder and my hunches were clicking one, two, three; and I had one more to ride.

"Amy Lou!" I called, and went into the brush and got her. She was Ace's passenger. It's nothing unusual for a trucker's girl to make a trip with him.

She paused at the cab door, looking up at Speed, and he was looking down at her. I'd like to tell you what Speed's lean face looked like when he began realizing he hadn't been such a fool after all about saving Ace's truck. I gave Amy Lou a boost into the cab, and said to Speed, "A guy keeps playing some fool number, it's bound to pay off."

"Speed," Amy Lou said quietly, "I'm proud of you."

"I knew I could stop Ace, and I done it," Speed said.

"I don't mean tonight, Speed." There were tears in her eyes, but she kept her voice level. "I mean—when Curt was killed. You as much as admitted to Ace that you weren't driving. Curt was—headstrong. One to take chances. And when he got killed and they found that—that stuff—in the load, you covered up for him. I know it now, Speed. He used to have more money than he should have had. You didn't know anything about that stuff in the cigarette carton until he was dead. Then you tried to protect him. He was your pal and my brother—and he couldn't defend himself any more." Her voice broke. "Speed, I should have known you weren't the kind to do what they said you did, even if you admitted it!"

SPEED couldn't say anything. He hadn't wanted Amy Lou to know about her brother. Now that she guessed, there was nothing to say.

"Speed," I said, "from what I heard about that thing, the load of your truck was strung out a quarter mile alongside the grade. Did you crawl back on the load and start tossing it off to lighten up the truck so's the brakes might hold—and did you get throwed off around a bend?"

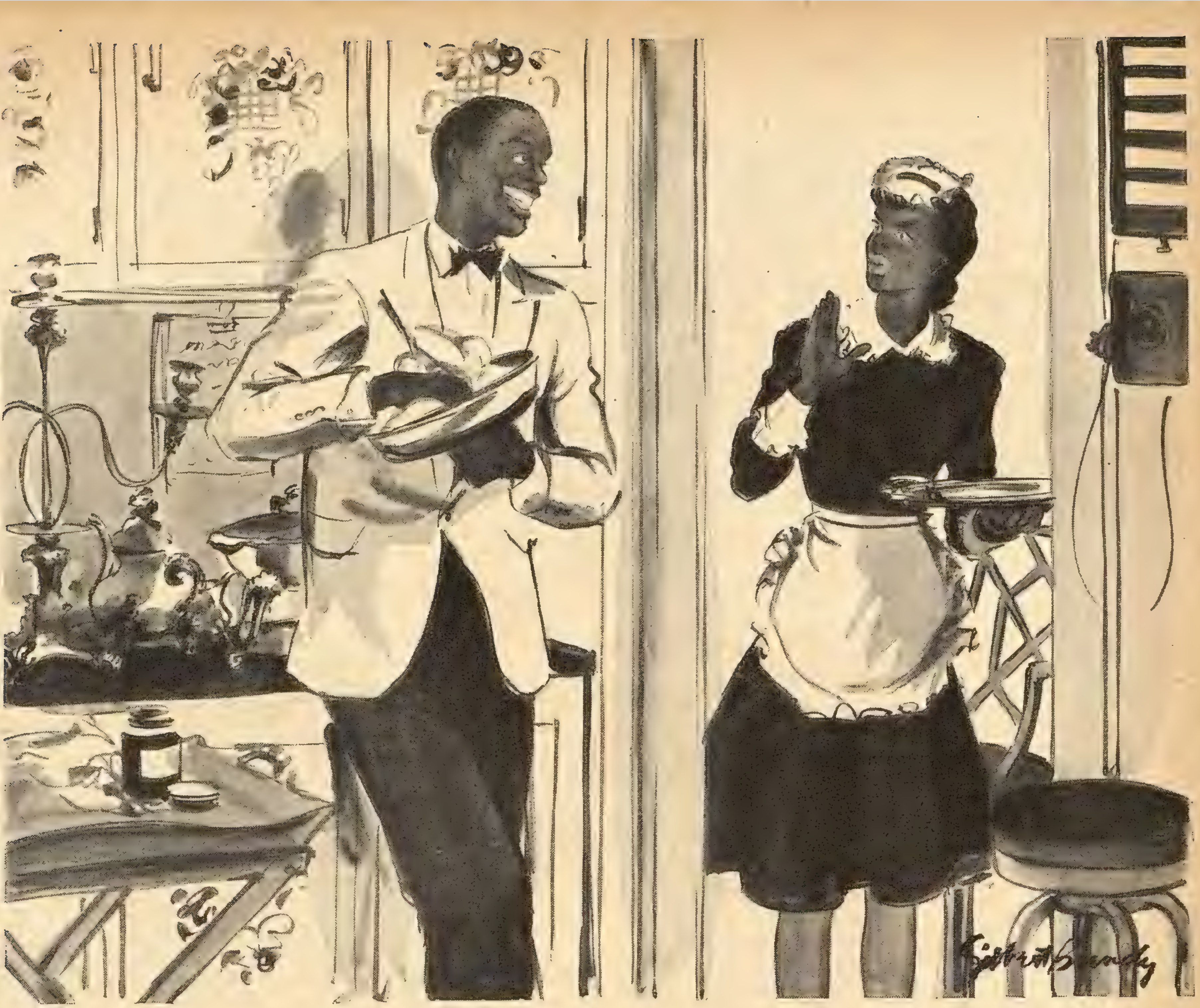
"For heaven's sake, Jake," Speed muttered, "leave me alone!" He'd done everything to keep this all from coming out.

Headlights swung around the curve behind and the red spotlight said it was a police car. I heard Ace's shoes hit the road, and then somebody was yelling from the police car: "He's got something! He's robbing that truck! Get him! And a figure with an electric torch ran from the police car. The chips were showering down. Old Man Averages was having a circus tonight. Funny how a guy can get caught up with all at once.

I started to say something to Speed, but I saw he didn't need any more help. So I left him and Amy Lou together and walked over to the police car. A cop asked me, "What's coming off here?" And I told him, "We hit the jackpot and it's snowing dollars."

They must have thought I was crazy.

THE END



"MAN—YOU SURE ARE CRAZY!"

SELENA: *Here the boss has been givin' you practically new shirts all these years —and you go and spoil it!*

SAM: All I said was, "Boss, how come you don't buy the kind that won't shrink outa size after they're washed?"

SELENA: *Shootin' off your big mouth!*

SAM: And he says, "If you mean that pre-shrunk kind, it's no dice!" he says. "Most of them shrink, too."

SELENA: *And plenty!*

SAM: So I says, "No suh, boss. I ain't talkin' about no pre-shrunk shirts. It's *Sanforized-Shrunk* I mean."

"What's the difference?" he says.

"A lot of difference," I tells him. "Don't you ever read the magazines? Seems this Sanforizing process takes all the shrinkin' out of a fabric, down to a measly little ole 1%. And, boss," I says, "when a shirt's got the Sanforized-Shrunk label on it, I know it *cain't* shrink out of size."

SELENA: *You know too much—that's your trouble!*

SAM: Right off, the boss wants to know where he can get 'em. "Anywheres," I says. "All the stores sell Sanforized-Shrunk shirts now—most any style or make you want. Don't cost any extra."

SELENA: *Humph! I s'pose you told him where he could get Sanforized shorts and pajamas, too. Just no sense!*

SAM: We-ell, fact is, I did. But listen, Selena! With that, he peels off a wad of bills and tells me to get him a half dozen of everything, and keep the change.

SELENA: *What change? I ain't seen none of it yet.*

SAM: The change is gwine to be on me! Boy, I got me some of the swellest, fanciest Sanforized-Shrunk shirts ever seen on anybody!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE,

SELENA

Tell the missus to insist on Sanforizing in everything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

Women's Dresses

Slip Covers & Draperies

Nurses' Uniforms

Children's Clothes

Slacks, Work Clothes

FOR PERMANENT FIT—LOOK FOR THE WORDS—**SANFORIZED-SHRUNK**

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR THE Quins?

BY ALLAN ROY DAFOE, M.D.

Personal Physician to the Quintuplets

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"JUST as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." At six (their sixth birthday being May 28) the only quintuplets to survive infancy have what may be a human's most formative years behind them. It is time for us to see how the Dionne quintuplets twigs are inclined, to note what effects their extraordinary existences have had upon them as individuals. It seems to me that any impartial observer, after studying them and their case histories, would have *no* apprehension about their future happiness.

It is unfortunate that most of what has been written about the wisdom of the guardianship and the manner of the girls' upbringing has been done by persons who never had the opportunity to be in intimate contact with the quintuplets.

Differences in viewpoints between the parents and the guardianship have been given too much emphasis by writers. The fact is, the parents come and go at the Nursery at will, as always. And, as always, the quintuplets have companionship of the other Dionne children who are at home. They are now having their daily school work with their brother Daniel and their sister Pauline.

Have the children been alienated from their parents? No, they love their parents and they show it.

So far, the little girls speak only French. Their parents come of the French stock which has occupied Quebec and our section of Ontario for hundreds of years. These people have retained their language and their customs. Consequently, the quins will learn only French until of school age, when Provincial regulations will require them to study English.

CÉCILE EMILIE

The quins have their own rhythm orchestra. The signatures shown were written by the children themselves.

Can the fabulous five grow up into normal lives?—A revealing reply from the one who knows them best

What are we training the quintuplets to be? We certainly aren't training them to be anything spectacular.

They love music, and we are trying to give them a good music education; but it isn't intended to make them musical prodigies or geniuses. They are being similarly encouraged to develop any other artistic tendencies. But this is simply because we think all children should be taught to enjoy life to the fullest, and we are going to try to prepare them for anything that life may have in store.

Up in our frontier section, the girl children learn housework and start to help their mothers at an early age. We have not neglected this custom: the quins are already carrying out regular household chores. They are eager to do them and we will encourage this working instinct in every way we can as they grow older.

But, the reader may say, the quins

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ANNETTE

YVONNE

MARIE

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Callander's most famous quintet. The children love to sing and to dance to the radio and phonograph.

will never have to work. They have a fortune laid by for them, and anyway they will always be able to make money in the movies or on the stage.

The extent of their fortune has been greatly exaggerated in many accounts. I can tell you that "the Quin Millionheiresses," as they have been called, are a long way from their first million. And any one with knowledge of the difficulties involved in investing moneys safely today can understand why it is entirely possible that the quins will not grow up to be the rich women it is popularly supposed they will be. I do not mean this remark to imply that all possible precautions are *not* being taken to safeguard the sisters' interests and estate. I am simply suggesting that wisdom dictates that in their upbringing we take into account the possibility that their economic circumstances might alter.

Yet even if lives of wealth and ease were assured without a doubt, the girls must be prepared to be self-reliant and ready for normal lives.

IS it possible for them to grow up to have normal lives? I believe so. In the frontier region of which they are natives, it is customary for the young women who do get a higher education to enter the few professions open to women there—teaching and nursing, and work among their own people. The quins' education, following modern lines, may be expected to develop a degree of social consciousness that might impel them to feel called to show their gratitude for all that the world has done for them by devoting themselves to helping others.

It is much more reasonable to foresee such futures as these, or as ordinary wives and mothers, than to take it for granted that they are destined to spend their lives as theatrical attractions. There is considerable misunderstanding of the extent of their so-called "exploitation" now. There are still many of the thousands who come to Callander to see them who show surprise when they learn there is no admission charge or fee involved. The children may be seen by the public one half-hour period a day in winter and two half-hour periods a day in summer. They are separated from the sightseers by a one-way-vision screen, and need not be conscious of their audience.

They have appeared in motion pictures and thousands of newspaper pictures have been made of their lives. Yet the manner in which the latter have been taken—by a lone cameraman who is never permitted to be with them more than one hour a day, always in the morning, and then only at intervals—has made the picture-making a matter of play to them. I do not believe it has developed any exhibitionist tendencies. The motion pictures have always been filmed at the Nursery, in the children's normal surroundings.

Therefore it seems to me that there is considerably less so-called "exploitation" of the quintuplets than of any of the well known child movie stars. The headline attention given to offers that were made to have the quins at the New York World's Fair this summer seem to have left the impression they will be there. This is not true. None of us gave the Fair's offer a second thought.

We have been under constant pressure to accept propositions entailing exploitation of the quins. We rejected them by the score, even when we sorely needed money for the Nursery. We had no government appropriations for the Nursery, and we have had to accept some of the offers. At the same time, we could not prevent people from being curious about the quins. We tried to satisfy that curiosity in the most rational way possible.

If things work out in accordance with my desires, the quins will gradually disappear from the spotlight as they grow up. As highly intelligent, well educated, and well trained young women, I doubt if they will have any desire to make themselves side-show freaks. I think they will be disposed to lead normal lives in accord with their individual inclinations.

Repeated tests by skeptical educators have shown that each quin, without exception, is above average intelligence for her age. Even at the age of six, there are marked differences in their personalities and temperaments.

Emilie is the prankster, the cut-up of the five. When the children were given new rubber boots and told they were to be worn only in water, it was Emilie who characteristically thought of wearing them in her bath. She is always thinking up such jokes. She is the most compliant in matters of discipline, the most orderly. I can somehow visualize her growing up to be a nurse or secretary.

Emilie and Marie were the smallest and weakest of the quins at birth, and were slower in catching up to their sisters in strength and activity. They fell into the natural habit of getting attention from their sisters in other ways. Marie exemplifies this trait by her daring. She can't pedal fast enough to keep up with her sisters on the tricycle, but she can and does go farther in seeing how much she can "get away with" with respect to rules. She is very observant and asks questions about nature, animals, and other things around her that show she knows how to use her head. I can imagine her becoming a teacher.

Yvonne and Annette are the ones who show most attributes of leadership. They are the most protective toward the others. Yvonne is the stronger personality. She is the quickest to be friendly with visitors, the "flirt" with the men, the most confident in her actions. You can visualize her as a campus leader who'll be voted by her class "most likely to succeed," a good business woman.

Annette is imaginative, the last to admit failure, the first to gloss over an uncompleted task with a plausible excuse.

CECILE is the daintiest, with the most graceful carriage and the best manners. She is the most particular about her dress. She shows a definite talent for music. She usually breaks into solos, or does some dance steps, when radio or phonograph is playing. It's easy to visualize Cecile as a musician, a dancer, possibly a designer.

The schoolwork the quintuplets are doing now is conducted by a full-time teacher under the supervision of the Ontario Board of Education. Their religious education is also going forward; they say their prayers night and morning, and have weekly visits from the parish priest.

Whatever turns their lives take, I am confident they will be prepared for them.

THE END

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT A FIESTA IN THE SOUTHWEST
HO! HO! JUDGE, LOOK AT THE CAKE IN THIS PIPE — YOU COULDN'T HARDLY GET A PENCIL IN IT
WELL, I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GET MY PIPE TO SMOKE COOL
LET ME DIG THAT PIPE OUT FOR YOU — I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING
B-B-BUT, JUDGE, IT TOOK ME MONTHS TO GET THAT CAKE
NOW — THERE WE ARE — IT'S ALL LOADED AND READY FOR YOU TO TRY
AT LAST SOMEONE IS GETTING JOE TO TRY PRINCE ALBERT, THE COOL-BURNING TOBACCO
MAN ALIVE! EVEN WITHOUT A CAKE, THIS PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES COOLER, MILDER, AND TASTIER!
THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT — YOUR PIPE WILL CAKE UP BETTER WITH PRINCE ALBERT! AND THAT MEANS EVEN MORE SMOKING JOY!
PRINCE ALBERT IS THE TOBACCO I USED TO DREAM ABOUT — COOLER-BURNING, EASIER ON THE TONGUE — REALLY FRAGRANT
YOU DON'T HAVE TO RELIGHT P.A. EVERY MINUTE. IT STAYS LIT BETTER, BURNS EVEN, AND DRAWS LIKE A CHARM!
ONE TWIRL PUTS PRINCE ALBERT OVER FOR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TOO — FAST AND EASY FOR FIRM, STREAM-LINED ROLLED SMOKES
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

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OOMPH *Girl*

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

AGAINST her wishes—for she has just become engaged to William Blair—Gladys Holton, winner of a contest for the typical American secretary, sponsored by the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company and G. P. L. Pictures, goes to Hollywood. Gladys, who is secretary to the head of publicity for the Blue Ribbon Company, has no ambitions to be a movie star, no desire to act in a picture with America's heart-throb, Philip Gale, and no illusions about her looks. Her legs, she knows, are good; otherwise she is not movie material.

When he meets her at the station, Terrence O'Toole, who handles publicity for G. P. L., agrees with her that she has nothing to offer to Hollywood. But he changes his mind when Gladys accidentally falls into Philip Gale's swimming pool and he gets a good look at her figure and her legs. Gale, too, sees her possibilities, and the two take the girl to Mamie Flynn who has a magic hand with make-up. She agrees to work on Gladys and promises the two men—now enthusiastic over their find—to create a face and personality that will match Gladys' legs.

PART THREE—A GREAT LOVER FALLS

BUT why?" asked Gladys. She'd asked the question a thousand times in the almost twenty-four hours that had slipped so rapidly through her fingers. "Why did you do so much work on me, Mamie? I keep telling you that I'll only be in Hollywood a little while. I don't want to be made over. All I want is to go home."

"Hush your noise," admonished Mamie in a voice grown weary with repetition. "Hush your noise, dearie, and take another peep in the looking glass."

For the thousandth time Glad peered into the full-length mirror that decorated—no, nearly filled—the living room of Mamie Flynn's home. She and Mamie weren't on the G. P. L. lot now; they were in a cottage somewhere on a side street, an incredible cottage that was filled to overflowing with bead curtains and fringed lamp shades and gilt chairs and kewpie dolls in feathered skirts.

Gladys, staring at her mirrored reflection, saw against this bizarre background the slim lovely figure of a girl—a girl with hair that flamed about a face that she could scarcely recognize as her own. The freckles—they belonged to yesterday's lost existence. The sandy eyebrows were a thing of the past. Narrow black lines had taken their place — lines that widened just a trifle at the outer corners and lent character to a forehead that was unexpectedly broad and pure. Glad's lashes had been darkened and by some queer process lengthened. It had meant lying back with her head against a cushion while Mamie pasted microscopic hairs onto other hairs. That hour of lying with her head back had been Glad's only waking period of contemplation and repose. She had spent it thinking of Bill—of Bill Blair to whom she was so newly engaged. Bill who—if he met her on the street—would pass her by, unknowing.

It was Mamie's voice breaking into her reverie that drew Glad's mind away from Bill. Just as Mamie's hands in the last twenty-four hours had been drawing her physical self away from Bill.

"Well," asked Mamie, "what do you think?"

"I don't think anything," Glad told her, "because I'm not me."

Mamie chuckled. "You're you inside, Gladys. Outside, you're an oomph girl."

Glad said briefly, "Oomph be darned. . . . And I never heard of putting rouge on *knees*."

Mamie countered, "You never heard of lots of things, dearie." She was sitting tailor fashion on the floor —a frowsy hulk of a woman in a Mother Hubbard and a dyed wig. "If you ain't a masterpiece, Gladys," Mamie said appreciatively, "I'll eat my Easter bonnet. I can't wait for Philip Gale and that spalpeen of a Terry O'Toole to take a slant at you."

Glad asked, "When are they coming to pick me up?" And Mamie consulted a flamboyant diamond wrist watch that was practically lost among the folds of fat that lay above her left hand.

"They'll be here in an hour, more or less," she said. "No, I'm wrong—they'll be here in *half an hour*. Unless, of course, they've gone off on some other tangent."

"Are they always going off on tangents?" Glad wanted to know. "Are they always so irresponsible?"

Mamie nodded. "Sure," she told Glad, "that's them. Why, even bringing me to the West Coast was a joke —in the beginning. Gale was sorry for me—I was flat broke—and him and Terry worked it out between them with build-ups and all, until they finagled me on the G. P. L. pay roll. Not," she added smugly, "that I haven't been worth my weight in gold."

"You can do wonders," agreed Glad. "But in my case it's wasted effort."

"Not from the way I get the set-up," Mamie objected. "Most of the plot of Gale's new picture hangs on a dancer—and legs are the most important part of a dancer!"

Glad said, "But I hardly know how to dance the easiest ballroom stuff."

Mamie went on, ignoring the interruption: "Well, Gladys, the G. P. L. lot is clean out of dancers—except for one French girl—and she's after Gale hammer and tongs. That's why he'd rather not have her in the cast."

"Is the French girl dark and has she smoky eyes?" asked Gladys, remembering a certain young person whom she had passed in a certain corridor.

Mamie chuckled. "It ain't only her eyes that smoke, dearie," she said. "If you ask me, Gale's kinda scared of this Suzi. As for Terry, he don't want none of her—seems like she snooted him a coupla times. In fact the men were kinda desperate when you popped up outta nowhere."

Glad interposed, "I didn't pop up out of nowhere. I won a perfectly legitimate contest that was held by the Blue Ribbon Accessories Company. I came here for a definite reason—to play Philip Gale's secretary in Builders of America. I was—"

"Shush," advised Mamie. "Skip the contest. Philip Gale's forgotten all about it. As for Terrence O'Toole, he ain't one to let opportunity knock twice." A gesture of one fat hand gave Terry credit for untold sagacity and judgment.

Glad said, staring morosely into the mirror, "But, Mamie, I've told

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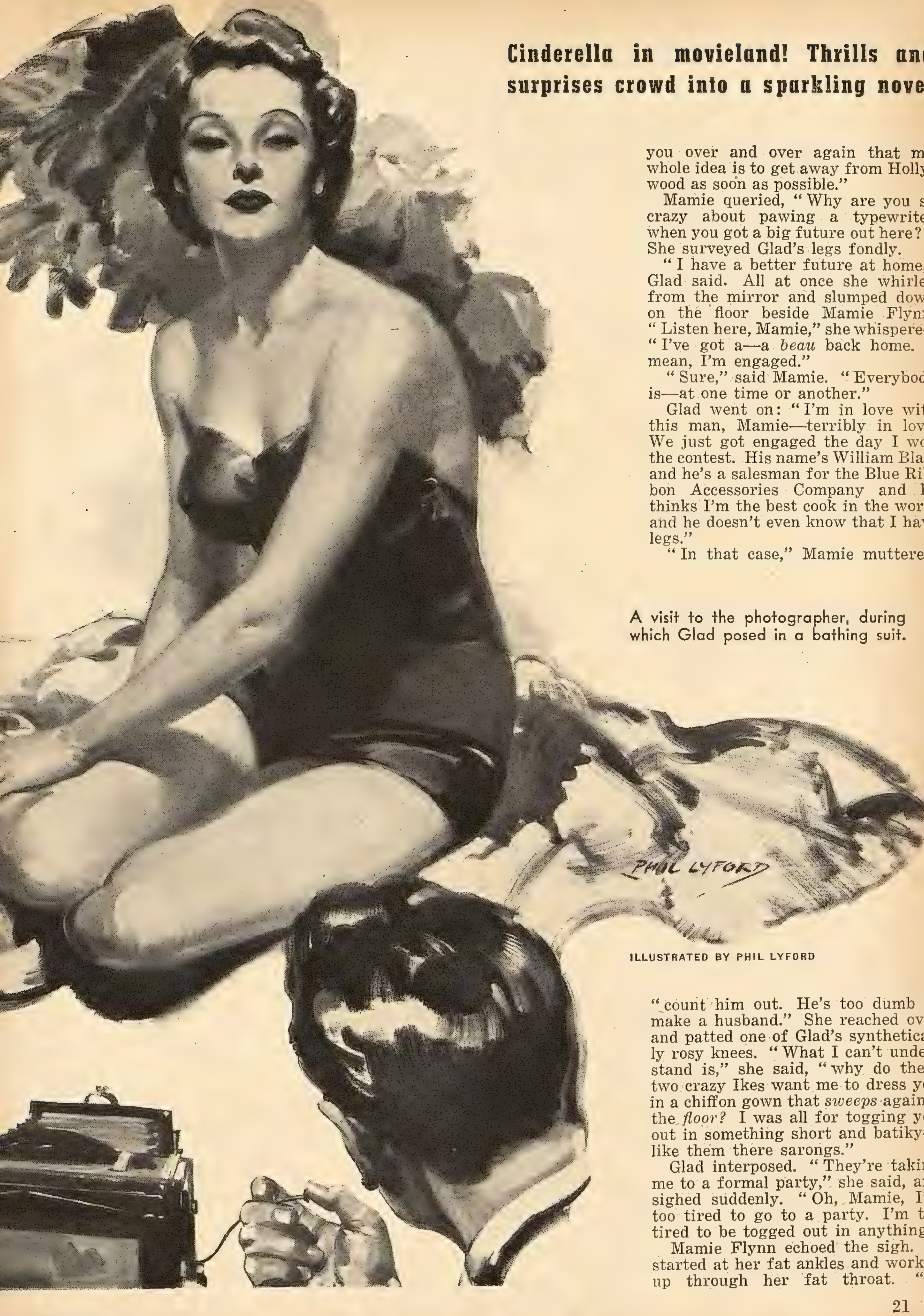

A visit to the photographer, during which Glad posed in a bathing suit.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

you over and over again that my whole idea is to get away from Hollywood as soon as possible."

Mamie queried, "Why are you so crazy about pawing a typewriter when you got a big future out here?" She surveyed Glad's legs fondly.

"I have a better future at home," Glad said. All at once she whirled from the mirror and slumped down on the floor beside Mamie Flynn. "Listen here, Mamie," she whispered. "I've got a—a *beau* back home. I mean, I'm engaged."

"Sure," said Mamie. "Everybody is—at one time or another."

Glad went on: "I'm in love with this man, Mamie—terribly in love. We just got engaged the day I won the contest. His name's William Blair and he's a salesman for the Blue Ribbon Accessories Company and he thinks I'm the best cook in the world and he doesn't even know that I have legs."

"In that case," Mamie muttered, "count him out. He's too dumb to make a husband." She reached over and patted one of Glad's synthetically rosy knees. "What I can't understand is," she said, "why do these two crazy Ikes want me to dress you in a chiffon gown that *sweeps* against the *floor?* I was all for togging you out in something short and batiky—like them there sarongs."

Glad interposed. "They're taking me to a formal party," she said, and sighed suddenly. "Oh, Mamie, I'm too tired to go to a party. I'm too tired to be togged out in anything."

Mamie Flynn echoed the sigh. It started at her fat ankles and worked up through her fat throat. "A champagne cocktail will fix all that," she told Glad, and struggled to her feet. "Take it from me, girlie, you don't know nothing about being tired *yet*. Wait until you have to stand all day with the lights in your eyes and Gale's goofy director telling you where you get off. Wait until you have to go straight from the studio to a fittin' and from the fittin' to the hairdresser's and from the hairdresser's to a dancin' teacher. . . .

"You'll have reason to be tired, dearie, when that little French dickens begins putting the bee on you. . . . Wait until you're my age and've been through the mill and knock the scales for a loop whenever you climb onto 'em, and have to get your fun outta turning ugly ducklings into swans on the side! Speaking of sides, I gotta corset steel stickin' in *mine*." Her sigh deepened until it was a groan. . . . "Come into the bedroom, Gladys, and I'll help you with your party dress. Soon as you're dressed I'll teach you how to walk into a room."

"I know how to walk into a room," Glad wailed, but Mamie shook her head.

"Oh, no, you don't," she objected. "When you walk into a room now you look for all the world like you want to apologize to the *carpet*. . . . I'm going to teach you how to walk into a room so that folks'll think you own the *ceiling*."

THERE was soft music. The party had reached that stage where it had broken up into semi-intimate groups—twos and threes and fours, buzzing in corners. Glad, giving her cape to a maid in the foyer, gulped violently but couldn't quite swallow the heart that kept rising into her mouth. . . . Philip Gale and Terrence O'Toole, waiting for her to conquer her emotions, were oddly silent. Philip had been silent ever since he caught his first sight of Glad in Mamie Flynn's room, but Terrence had been chattering constantly and excitedly. It bothered Glad that Terry was suddenly so still.

"Oh," she said, and her voice was a mere thread of sound, "don't let's go on with it. This is foolish. They'll know that I'm a fake."

"You're not a fake," said Philip Gale. "You're the real thing, Glad, and don't you forget it."

"The real thing," echoed Terrence O'Toole. He lowered his voice. "Inside that room, Glad," he whispered hoarsely, "is sitting the greatest director in Hollywood. At the moment, unless my eyes deceive me, he's playing bridge with Hollywood's three worst cats." He craned his neck, the better to peer around a gigantic piece of decoration. "The fellow who wrote Builders of America is talking to Suzi," he said. "She's trying to get her hooks into that dancer's part—but we'll fox her. . . . Gladys, my pet, get an eyeful of the fat little man in tails!"

Gingerly Gladys peered around the piece of statuary. "You mean the one who looks like a pigeon?" she asked.

"Yeah," said Terrence. "That pigeon owns G. P. L. Pictures. Drool over him, Glad, when you meet him."

"I don't know how to drool!" said Glad, and her whisper matched Terry's. "Oh, I tell you I can't go on. They'll know that I'm only a stenographer on vacation."

"Oh, no, they won't," said Philip Gale. "And besides, you aren't."

Glad was trembling. "That Suzi is beautiful," she said. "I wouldn't stand a show beside her."

"She's not as beautiful as you are," said Philip Gale. "Buck up, darling." The way he said darling was rather more than usual.

GLAD quavered, "Even my eyelashes don't belong to me. And my freckles are somewhere underneath. Mamie Flynn only—"

Terry spoke sharply. His voice cut through Glad's objections as a knife cuts through sweet butter.

"We're losing a lot of time," Terry said. "Let's break the ice and get it over with. You take one of her arms, Gale—I'll take the other."

Glad drew a deep breath. "No," she said. "Mamie only showed me one way to walk into a room. I'll have to go it alone."

"Attagirl!" said Terry. "Alone it is!"

There was a slight lull in the music before one hot tune melted into the embrace of another and hotter one. Glad, slightly in advance of her two escorts, walked wearily through an archway. Her dress—it was unrelievedly white—was practically nothing from the waist up, but from the waist down there was a great deal of it. It was chiffon—formed into millions of tiny soft pleats. As she stepped forward the pleats broke into little waves against her body and she took on the brave sculptured lines of a Winged Victory who has dieted but still managed to retain her gallantry. Glad didn't know enough about clothes to realize that there was something artful and proud in the cut of that white chiffon dress—but it might have been worn by a Greek girl who was stealing out to meet her lover, home from the Trojan War. Instead of which—

The orchestra was tuning up again. Somebody—was it the little man who looked like a pigeon?—moved forward, surprise etched on his countenance. Terry called his usual "Hi, Toots," to a girl who clutched a wineglass, and blew a sardonic kiss at the smoldering Suzi. And then Glad heard Philip Gale's voice saying, "Chief, this is Gladys Holton—no, you've never seen her before, she just arrived from the East. . . . No, you don't have to worry, chief, she's not interested in our racket."

Glad felt her hand enveloped in the astonishingly firm clasp of the little man. Rather wistful eyes smiled up into hers and a kindly voice said, "A girl like her—and she ain't interested in the picture game?"

And then—on Phil's arm now—careful not to turn her ankle, careful to look as if she owned the ceiling, Glad was making a circuit of the room. She was meeting Tad Burleigh, the director, and Winn Burleigh, the director's wife, and Claymore Trent who wrote superb music when he felt like it, and the three cats who broke into small hissing sounds when they thought she was out of earshot. Finally she met Suzi, who apparently had no last name to speak of.

"This is Suzi," said Philip by way of introduction. "Suzi, this is Glad," and the two girls were bowing coldly.

"So-o—" said Suzi.

Glad murmured, "How do you do?"

Suzi's eyes, traveling from the tip of Glad's highest and most stylized curl, worked slowly downward. It was a long moment before she spoke again, and then she didn't address Glad.

"The last time I saw you, Pheelip," she said, with a high little laugh, "you were walking down the 'all weeth a girl een a bathrobe and a towel."

Gale said, "Wait until you visit my new swimming pool, Suzi. You can wear a bathrobe and a towel, too."

Suzi's scrutiny had reached Glad's feet by this time. She knew now that Glad's toenails were tinted a warm sunset color to match her fingertips and that her stockings were the sheerest of the sheer.

"Mees Glad," she said, "you are on the le-git-i-mate stage? *Hein?*"

"Oh, no," said Gladys, "anything but."

Terry interposed here; his face was a little worried. "Dance, Glad?" he asked, but Philip Gale brushed him aside. "No," he said, "Glad's having her first Hollywood dance with me."

BEFORE she knew it, Glad was in the arms of America's current heartthrob and was drifting across the floor like a white enchanted butterfly. Neither she nor Philip Gale spoke until they had circled the room twice, and then Gale said, "But I thought you didn't dance."

Glad told him wonderingly, "I never did dance before, not really."

There was another moment of silence, and then Gale chuckled, "Boy, oh boy—how they're watching you! You're the mystery woman, Glad."

"I can feel Suzi's eyes burning through my back," agreed Gladys.

Philip Gale laughed. "Suzi doesn't know the half of it, and neither do you. . . . Wait until she has a *real* reason to be sore."

Glad held her head at an angle, so that she could study the face of the man with whom she was dancing. The situation was so unreal that she felt as if she were in the midst of an absurd and embarrassing dream.

"I'll probably discover that I'm

dancing in my nightie," she said, "or with no clothes on at all. Have you ever dreamed anything like that?"

Philip Gale was laughing harder than ever. It took some doing to suppress his mirth. "You must be psychic, Glad," he gulped. "Coming events do cast their shadows—" He held her a trifle closer and danced on.

They made another circuit of the room—past the three cats whose heads were now so close together that they almost touched. Philip Gale, observing their excitement, said:

"I've sure got to hand it to Mamie Flynn."

There was a moment of built-up rhythm. The swing music was swingier than ever. Glad said, as to her own astonishment she effortlessly followed Philip Gale's lead:

"Mamie explained, while she was doing my hair and eyes and all the rest of it—well, she explained what you and Terry have up your sleeves. I mean about pushing me into the dancer's part in Builders of America. But this is, honestly, the most I ever danced in my life, Mr. Gale. I'm not eligible for the part."

"If I ever put my arm around anybody who is more eligible for a part," sighed Philip Gale, "I'll be a—" He left the rest of the speech unsaid; but—"For heaven's sake," he exploded, "lay off this Mr. Gale nonsense. Call me Phil."

"No!" cried Glad sharply; and when the star asked "Why not?" she choked out, "*Phil* sounds too much like *Bill*."

PHILIP GALE didn't ask for an explanation, and she vouchsafed none, and they once more circled the room. Would this dance never be done? wondered Glad, as they swept past the director, who was squinting his eyes at her, as an artist squints when he's trying to get a proper perspective on a difficult composition.

"There are so many things I don't understand," she said, "but this one comes first. If you want to shove me into Suzi's part, why don't you take me to the casting office, and come right out with it?"

Gale told her: "Even *I* couldn't get to first base that way. Hollywood is a devious place—even our miracles have to happen hind side foremost. If I were to bring you to a casting director and say, 'Here's a nice girl with superb legs,' he'd laugh in my face. Then he'd write down your telephone number and send you away and you'd never hear from him again. But if the chief discovers your legs for himself—well, it's another thing again." He broke off, and Glad said hopelessly, "This is over my head."

"Over your head is right," said Philip Gale. "Sometimes a dream comes true, darling—even a crazy one such as you were talking about a minute ago!"

They were almost opposite the little man who resembled a pouter pigeon and Glad felt, rather than

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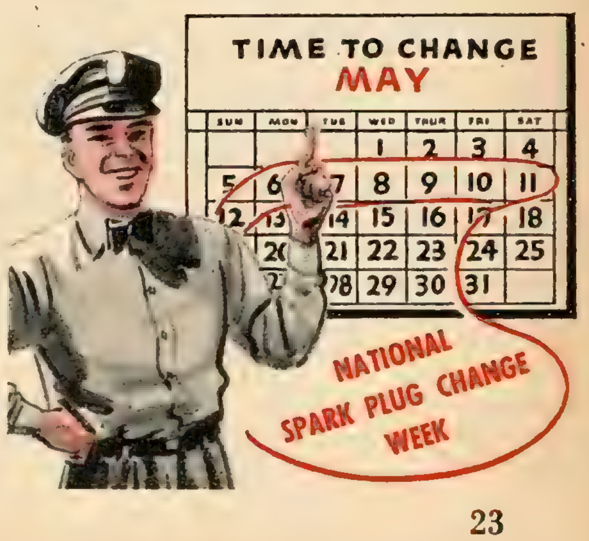
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saw, the wink that Philip Gale directed toward Terrence O'Toole. As if in response to a summons—or a prearranged signal—Terry moved swiftly across the floor. Peremptorily he blocked their light passage and they stopped dead, directly in front of the chief.

"Don't be a goon all your life, Gale," said Terry loudly. "You can't monopolize the belle of the ball this way. I'm going to have a whirl with her now, or else—"

Gale said, "Keep out of this, O'Toole," and his arm around Glad was an iron band holding her tight to his chest. If Glad hadn't been aware of the amusement in his eyes, she would have thought that a quarrel was brewing, particularly when Terry said, "How about it, Glad?" and lunged forward.

It was like the moment on the brink of the swimming pool. Glad knew that something was about to happen, but she didn't know what that something was until she felt the jerk at her waistband. She peered down and saw that Terrence O'Toole's foot—unnecessarily large it seemed at that moment—was set firmly upon the hem of her accordion-pleated chiffon. Philip Gale followed Glad's glance, took careful note of the position of the foot, and then did an incredible thing.

"Not a chance, O'Toole," he said swiftly and snatched Gladys away from the press agent's outstretched hands. There was a faint tearing sound and the chiffon—fragile as a cloud—was released from its moorings. There was a nasty slithering noise as the skirt and the waistband parted company entirely. Terrence O'Toole stepped back and at least half of the gown went along with him.

Glad gasped. It was a dream coming true, at that—and she wasn't in her nightie, either. Of course her slip was above reproach—but it was also above her knees. Somebody across the room sniggered and a furious feminine voice exclaimed, "*Cochon!*"

PHILIP GALE said in a tone of almost believable anger, "You're a clumsy oaf, Terry!"

And Terry muttered in reply, "My gosh, I'm sorry. I *am* an oaf, for a fact. Listen here. I'm all tangled up in miles of chiffon—somebody's gotta help me come clean. . . . Chief, lend me a hand, will you?"

The little man—more like a pigeon than ever, and with the light of intense interest in his eyes—came forward while Philip Gale stood helplessly—all too helplessly—by. The owner of G. P. L. Pictures stooped from his meager height and began to disentangle the press agent's foot from the lengths of flimsy white chiffon. He was rather slow about it, and Terry, working with him, was also slow.

"I'm afraid," said Terry, as he unnecessarily pulled and wrenched and did still further damage, "that I've made hash out of Glad's dress. Lucky she's wearing hotcha stockings, isn't it, chief?"

It was a long moment before the pigeon said in reply, "The stockings are all right, but they ain't the half of it!" His voice quickened, "You said, Miss Holton, that you weren't interested in the picture game. Maybe I can make you feel different." . . .

BREAKFAST with Philip Gale in the sunny patio of a hotel . . . breakfast that was interrupted a dozen times when tourists came swarming up for autographs. Some of the tourists, surveying Glad nearsightedly, asked for her autograph too. . . . An interview with the chief directly after breakfast, in a chaste little office decorated with enlarged snapshots of his grandchildren and his dogs — an incredible interview that left Glad gasping and numb. . . . A visit to the photographer, during which Glad was posed —in turn—in a Spanish shawl, a play suit, and a bathing suit. . . . A call upon a great modiste and a greater milliner. Mamie Flynn accompanied Glad on these sartorial calls—Mamie regal in a Mother Hubbard of panne velvet and a ratty-looking fur that might once have been related to the mink family. . . . Luncheon at the Brown Derby, no less, where a man's eyes grew tired from seeing too much beauty. Philip Gale ordered the luncheon, and Terrence O'Toole—seated on Glad's left —ordered the drinks. Glad wasn't speaking to Terry at first.

"She blames me," mourned Terry, as he fished for the olive in his dry Martini, "for putting her in the hit-and-run column. Darned if I understand women anyway. Women—especially Glad here—are enigmas."

"Don't call my girl names," said Philip Gale languidly, and fished for his olive.

"But why," asked Terry, with pathos, "is she off me?"

Glad said hotly, "You practically undressed me in public, you goof!"

"But the undressing got you a handsome contract," said Terry. "You're tops on the G. P. L. lot."

Glad said, sipping her Martini, "I never wanted a contract."

Philip Gale barged in here.

"In that case," he queried with surprising mildness, "why did you go to the chief's office?"

"He sent for me," Glad defended herself. "It was practically a command performance. You said so yourself."

"Quite," said Philip. "But, once there, why did you sign on the dotted line?"

Glad took another sip of her cocktail. She was thinking fast and furiously. It was perfectly true that she hadn't had to sign the chief's contract. How could she explain to Philip Gale—and to the redheaded press agent with his pixyish grin—that a small man, with the build of a feathered friend, had practically hypnotized her into signing away her freedom?

He had made it all seem so logical. He had, by the sheer magic of words, convinced her that her legs were not a means of locomotion but a public trust. Even when she told him about her engagement to Bill Blair, he had talked her away from normalcy.

"That young feller," he said, "can wait. And, besides, this contract won't run *forever*. And the money you'll make will doll up a home so-o nice. . . ." Glad, caught in the web of the chief's conversation, had signed the contract with her right hand—but not in her right mind.

"It's easy to understand," she said from out of what was almost a reverie, "why that man owns the whole darn shooting match!"

Philip Gale laughed. Laughter came easily out here in Hollywood. "Glad's good again," he told Terry. "The naughty girl has gone bye-byes, and the good girl has come back. When are they going to make her test?"

"I dunno," said Terry. He beckoned to the waiter and ordered another drink. "I've got to get out my releases for the papers. Let somebody else worry about the test."

"Which releases do you mean?" Glad wanted to know; but Terry only looked wise.

"You'll see them for yourself come dawn," said Terry. "And so will the rest of the nation—I hope."

THE afternoon was as crowded as the morning had been. Glad went straight from the Brown Derby to the G. P. L. studios and was screen-tested with Philip Gale. She took the test in her stride—she was past caring now. Only—when Philip Gale held her in his arms and kissed her, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine that it was Bill Blair who did the kissing.

Then she went home to Mamie's cottage and with Mamie's help arrayed herself for dinner—in gray chiffon this time—and started out with Philip. She was wearing his orchids against her shoulder and above her ear, and everybody in the Troc turned to stare at her. Fortunately Terry was nowhere in evidence, and so her skirt—once more accordion-pleated—was permitted to remain intact.

And then at last the evening was over and Gladys, pale with fatigue, was leaning back in Philip's car, being driven home to the cottage.

"I've never felt so tired in my life," she murmured to herself, as she closed her eyes. "Why, I haven't even had time today to write Bill a letter."

It was then—and utterly without warning—that Philip Gale kissed her. He didn't stop the car to do it—but the kiss was long and effective just the same. Glad, her fatigue gone with the wind, jerked herself from his encircling arm.

"You've no right," she said, "no right *at all!*"

Philip said easily, "This afternoon during the test you didn't make any fuss when I kissed you!"

"That," said Glad, "was all in the day's work."

"Was the way you kissed me back all in the day's work?" asked Philip.

Glad tried to explain. "I kept pretending that you were somebody else," she told him.

Philip Gale did stop the car then—right in the middle of traffic. "I'll be a so-and-so!" he exclaimed. "Usually, if I'm to believe my fan mail, it's the other way around. Usually when some guy kisses his girl she pretends it's *me*. . . . Would you resent it very much, Gladys, if I were to ask you who I'm understudying?"

Glad said, "His name is William Blair and he sells plumbing accessories for Blue Ribbon."

MY heaven!" said Philip Gale. He started the car with a jerk, but after a moment he asked another question. "You and Blair are that way about each other?"

"Very much so," nodded Glad.

"Passing show or serious?" asked Philip. "After all, I'm here—and he's there."

"That's the dickens of it," said Glad. "That's why I had to pretend this afternoon."

They drove for a moment through the lush star-spangled night. Philip Gale turned off a wide thoroughfare and onto a little side street. The palm trees were a black arch against the sky and Glad's synthetic lashes were suddenly wet with tears and she felt unutterably lonely. Palm trees and a motion-picture hero and a car that purred as contentedly as a huge Persian kitten — and Bill Blair thousands of miles away! Gale's voice, asking another question, came to her from a distance.

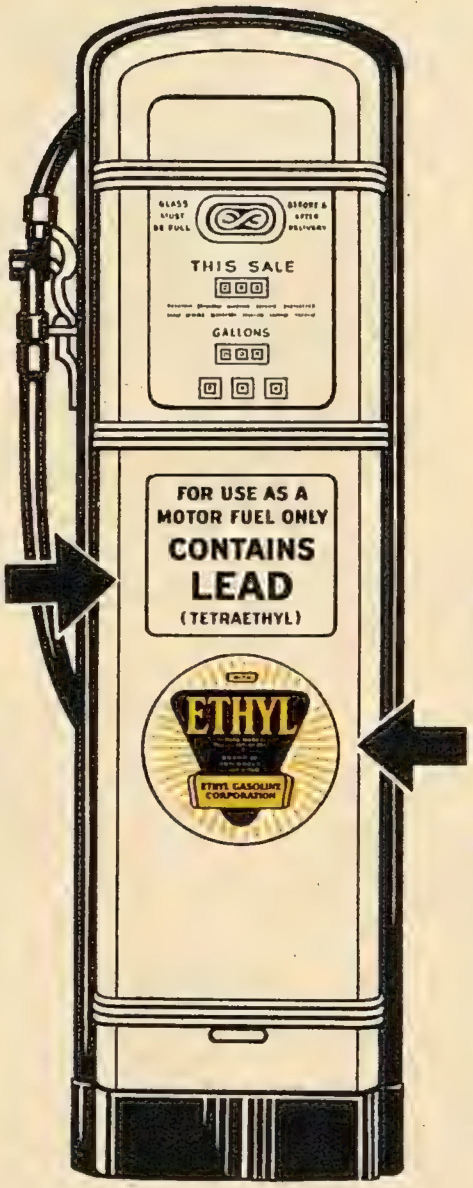
"Listen here, Gladys," he said. "You burst on me like a bombshell, but—unlike a bombshell—I don't know anything about where you started from. Who are you, anyway? And what are you like? And as for this Blair guy—" he left the sentence hanging in mid-air.

Glad didn't resent the multiple query. Hollywood had taught her to expect curiosity and to—whenever possible—satisfy it.

"Bill and I are engaged," she said, "and we're going to be married as soon as I get home—at least, I think we are. I'm a stenographer—just that, nothing more. I'm not pretty and the oomph-girl business that Mamie's been pulling on me is just so much stuff and nonsense. I haven't an ounce of oomph."

"Your legs," murmured Gale.

Glad told him, "My legs are all right but they're nothing to set the world afire. All I ask is that every so often I can have a new pair of stockings to wear on them." She hesitated. "Back where I came from I have a funny little apartment. I furnished that apartment piece by piece—I saved for six weeks to buy an occasional chair, and for months to buy the day bed. I made the curtains by hand, and I made the slip covers too—and they're swell. Believe it or not, Mr. Gale—"



TODAY

BETTER! This sign on a gasoline pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. More than three-fourths of all motor fuel sold today in the United States and Canada is "leaded" gasoline. Lead tetraethyl is manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

BEST! The "Ethyl" emblem on a pump or its globe means that: 1. The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock. 2. It is your gasoline dealer's finest grade of motor fuel. 3. It permits you to have your engine's spark advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy, without "knock" or "ping."

MORE THAN EVER –

The better the gas – the better your car!

TUNE IN EVERY MONDAY NIGHT—Tony Martin, Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, featured on "Tune-Up Time" over coast-to-coast network, Columbia Broadcasting System.

I WASN'T SO DUMB AT THAT!
AT BREAKFAST
DEAR, IT TELLS HERE IN THE PAPER ABOUT A SALT CALLED MORTON'S THAT DOESN'T CAKE IN RAINY WEATHER. ISN'T THAT SIMPLY WONDERFUL?
AW, HONEY, DON'T BE SO DUMB! CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S ONLY AN AD? I SWEAR YOU BELIEVE ALL YOU READ!
LATER
IS IT ACTUALLY TRUE THAT MORTON'S SALT DOESN'T LUMP AND CAKE?
YES, IT'S MADE WITH UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS THAT DON'T STICK TOGETHER IN WET WEATHER! TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THIS GLASS AND SEE!
WHAT SHE SAW!
HOW AMAZING! BUT DOESN'T IT COST A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN SALT THAT CAKES?
NO, AN AVERAGE FAMILY CAN USE MORTON'S SALT FOR ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!
THAT EVENING
WELL, SMARTY, I WASN'T SO DUMB AT THAT. YOU SEE THIS MORTON'S SALT DOES POUR FREELY WHEN IT RAINS!
AND HOW! THANK HEAVEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH CLOGGED SALTCELLARS!

Merits its familiar slogan

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

Morton's Salt actually *does* live up to its slogan, "When it rains, it pours". For it's made with amazingly uniform *cube-shaped* crystals that tumble freely off one another in wet weather instead of lumping together and choking your saltcellars. What's more, Morton's has a *wire-hinged* pouring spout that won't tear out no matter how often you open and close it. Yet an average family can enjoy this vastly superior salt for only 2c a week!

IODIZED OR PLAIN—WITH A SPOUT THAT WON'T TEAR OUT!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Seal below denotes the acceptance of Morton's Iodized Salt.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

MORTON'S IODIZED SALT
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS
COSTS AN AVERAGE FAMILY 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY

"Phil," corrected Philip Gale. "Oh, no, I remember—that's too much like Bill. Just compromise and call me darling. I'll understand."

Glad ignored him. "Believe it or not," she said, "my apartment looks better to me than the big hotel where we had breakfast this morning, or the Brown Derby where we had lunch, or the glittery place where we had dinner. Speaking of dinners, I can cook a better dinner than we had tonight—a hundred per cent better! I like to type letters and I like to cook and I like to keep house and I like to be engaged to a plumbing accessories salesman. . . . There, now you know all about me."

"Not quite," said Philip Gale. "But," he added, "I'm willing to learn, and I shall—given time."

"I'm afraid there won't be much time," Glad told him sulkily. "I was a sap to sign a contract this morning, but, after all, it was only for one picture. When the picture's over I'm leaving this place so fast that you won't see me for the dust I make."

"What? No option?" asked Philip Gale.

Glad said, "The chief left the option clause out."

"That's a relief," Gale told her. "It means he was sure of you."

THE trouble with every one out here," cried Glad, "is that you're all too sure of everything! I'm going to show the whole crowd of you that you're wrong for once. When Builders of America is done I'll let my hair go back to its natural color and I'll lie with my face in the sun until you can't get a toothpick between my freckles, and I'll wash the dye off my eyebrows, and if necessary, I'll fall down on my knees and skin them. Oomph be darned!"

"Not your precious knees!" begged Philip Gale. All at once he had stopped the car again and he had two arms around Glad this time when he kissed her. "You're such a funny little kid," he said, "and you're so blame refreshing, and you're so lovely to look at."

Glad wrenched herself from his arms and her shoulder strap gave way. These Hollywood men were hard on clothes.

"You saw me when I came out here," she raged, "and you know what I really look like. You hadn't any time for me then, Mr. Gale. Why, you and Terry stood on the edge of the swimming pool and knocked me until I wanted to hide my head in a haystack. . . . Bill Blair loves me the way I actually am."

"I'll make you forget about Bill Blair," said Gale almost savagely.

Can Philip Gale, the idol of thousands of women, the screen's Number One lover, make Gladys forget Bill Blair? Will she fall under his spell and the spell of Hollywood? Next week things happen fast in this exciting story of a girl who was made over against her will. Don't miss the fourth chapter!

War Admiral, Kurtsinger up.

BY

CHARLEY KURTSINGER

as told to Irving Wallace

A famous jockey gives you an inside view of some exciting riders' strategy on the track

HORSES DON'T WIN THE DERBY ..alone!

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN Broker's Tip and Head Play came driving down the homestretch in the 1933 Kentucky Derby, 49,000 screaming spectators saw the wildest race climax in turf history.

They saw Head Play, with Herb Fisher up, leading the field toward the wire. They saw Don Meade smash Broker's Tip through, on the inside, from third place to the front. They saw the two thoroughbreds battle it out, nip and tuck—and then, amazing thing, they saw the two riders fighting.

In fleet seconds the race was over. Broker's Tip the winner by a head!

What happened?

No one seemed to know until the morning papers came out. A young Louisville photographer, forbidden to snap the finish, had secretly tied his camera to the inner rail and taken a telescopic candid shot. His picture showed jockeys Fisher and Meade, as suspected, wrestling and tugging each other's saddlecloth and bridle down the last hundred yards. As a result, the jockeys received temporary suspensions.

And every one was satisfied that Broker's Tip had won the Kentucky Derby and that Head Play had lost it.

Every one but me. I knew that Don Meade had won the Derby and Herb Fisher had lost it.

The 1933 edition of the Bluegrass classic was decided, like most major races, by the featherweights in the saddle.

The truth is, Head Play was the better horse, and even in the stretch, when he was tiring, he should have eked out a victory. But Herb Fisher, riding him, made a fatal mistake. He lost his head. Desperate to win, realizing the horse beneath him was fading, thinking that Meade had fouled him by holding his saddlecloth, Fisher forgot his own horse and tried to grab the other jockey.

In doing so, Fisher relaxed his grip on Head Play, permitted the mount to flounder, and lost out. Had he held his horse together tightly, and not lost his own head, he might have won.

But to prove further that horses alone aren't the deciding factors in big stakes, I'll tell you a behind-the-scenes incident. The Kentucky Derby, which Head Play should have won, he lost—because of his jockey. The rich Preakness, which he should have lost, he won—because of his jockey.

I was his jockey in the 1933 Preakness. And while I am modest, I am also realistic. There were other horses in that field as good as Head Play. And other jockeys better than me. But on that particular miserable and cloudy day I happened to outthink the other boys—and won the race for Mrs. Silas Mason.

The author.

It had been drizzling the night before the race, and the track was an oval of mud. I knew this would handicap Head Play more than the others. Ordinarily he was a bolt of lightning at the barrier—but now, in the slush, I was afraid he might get off to a poor start in the shuffle.

As we paraded to the post I noticed that the extreme outer part of the track, which must have been protected by canvas, was dry. There was a long, hard-packed strip of turf on the outside. And, believe me, my old brain cells began working.

We lined up. Head Play, a bad actor, began doing a four-legged version of the jitterbug. I didn't try to pacify him. I allowed him to twist and rear in the mud.

The starter and his assistants were annoyed. "Try to hold him down, Charley!" they told me. "We've got to get a decent start!"

But Head Play, nervous of temperament, bucked and broke.

The starter frowned. "If you can't hold him still, I'm afraid we'll have to move him to the outside, by himself, away from the other horses!"

I shrugged; made a phony effort at curbing Head Play's antics. But actually I didn't discourage him. He continued to hold up the break. This was too much. Assistant starters pulled us out of our stall, out of the mud, and penalized us to the outside—and the narrow dry strip of turf!

My strategy had worked.

A perfect break! The others plowed through the mud, tried to get going. Head Play, with a dry foothold, got off to a flying start, yards ahead of the others. I worked him in to the rail—and galloped him home. It was the slowest Preakness win in history. But it was won on a horse that wasn't supposed to!

On May 4, at ancient Churchill Downs, before 50,000 maniacs, a group of sleek horses will run 1¼ miles—in an effort to win $50,000 and immortality.

On that afternoon, waiting for the sixth race, millions of Americans will debate the merits of the various horses. The names of the horses—familiar as the names of war heroes, movie stars, and politicians—will be weighed, discussed, and finally the favorites chosen.

But you can take my word for it, the names of the horses don't mean a thing. Millions of Americans are wrong if they think so. A jockey will win the sixty-sixth running of the Kentucky Derby this year. He will have a good horse beneath him, true. But other horses will be just as good.

I can speak with authority about the Kentucky Derby. I rode in it three times, and never finished out of the money. I won the Derby twice, and finished third once—a record of which I am proud!

I rode in my first Kentucky Derby on the afternoon of May 16, 1931. The race meant much to me. I knew it wasn't the richest horse race in the world. The Belmont Stakes was worth more, as is the Santa Anita Handicap today. I knew it wasn't the oldest. The Travers had been started eleven years earlier.

But it amounted to this: The Derby was in my blood. I was born a stone's throw from the track. I had seen my first race in 1915, from my father's shoulder. That was the year Regret, running a powerful race, had become the only filly in history to feel the rose wreath on her neck at the finish.

For my first Derby, as reward for a long string of ordinary victories, I was given Twenty Grand as my horse. I want to say now he was the greatest animal I ever rode, and I rode them all.

At the post I was nervous. Most jockeys are when they have a hero horse beneath them. I was afraid Twenty Grand might be kicked or hurt himself twisting and bucking. Then, suddenly, everything was quiet —and we were moving!

I became oblivious to my surroundings. I didn't know whether there was one person or one million persons in the grandstand and infield. I didn't think of anything but the other horses around us.

Every one expected me to fight for the rail. They said I was a rail rider. Actually, that's the worst place to be at the start of the Derby. You get blocked off by the field, and you wait for the field to spread. If it doesn't, you're through. We were in the middle of the track and in the middle of the pack. After three quarters of a mile, I belted Twenty Grand twice with the whip, and he catapulted forward faster.

Coltiletti had Sweep All on the rail. I steered Twenty Grand past the gray speedster Prince d'Amour, and, riding easily and sure, caught Sweep All at the head of the stretch. Twenty Grand had everything, believe me. He was running like the wind smack in the center of the track. I felt like I was flying.

When we stretched out in front by four lengths, and I got a glimpse of the judges' stand, I suddenly became conscious. I heard the tumult. The shouts of my neighbors. I thought, fleetingly, of the money I would make. And then it was over. We won. Sweep All and Mate followed us in. The reward was $48,725. I got 10 per cent of it.

After it was over, I sat down, suddenly limp. I couldn't move or speak coherently for an hour.

That, friends, was my first Kentucky Derby, and that's what the winning jockey will go through this year.

My next Kentucky Derby was in 1934. I rode a long shot called Agrarian, and managed to sneak him under the wire in third place, behind Cavalcade and Discovery.

Then, three years ago, I had Man o' War's undersized son War Admiral. He was a nervous, delicate little horse. Trainer Conway, who treated him like a baby, instead of feeding him two meals a day gave him snacks of food every few hours—to build him up. He grew three inches taller in a year.

He was a 9 to 5 favorite on Derby day, and 70,000 were on hand to see if

MORE NEW CAR BUYERS CHANGE-OVER..

TO GENERAL TIRES THAN TO ANY OTHER MAKE

COPYRIGHT 1940 THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.

blood will tell. War Admiral drew the rail position, and the big problem seemed to be if I could get him off in front in so big a field. War Admiral was a front runner. Like his daddy, he preferred jumping out ahead of the pack and staying in that position all the way. It was my duty to bring him out ahead, and keep him there.

I did. Without trouble. He was challenged only once, in the stretch, by Pompoon. I slapped him on the rump with my bat, and he went out in front by two lengths and won in a walk.

I'll let you in on a little secret—something you want to watch for in the 1940 Kentucky Derby. I won my races on Twenty Grand and War Admiral at the post. Most people think big races are won and lost on the homestretch. This is rarely true. Any jockey will tell you the start is the whole race.

The three greatest jockeys that ever lived were Earle Sande, who rode three Kentucky Derby winners after doctors told him he would never ride again; LaVerne Fator, who got his start riding pinto ponies in Idaho; and Mack Garner, who rode 1,256 winners in twenty-two years.

I saw Earle Sande, who collected over three million dollars for his employers, actually win a dozen races almost by himself. I remember, in 1925, when he arrived in Louisville to watch the Derby, and the day before the race accepted a long shot named Flying Ebony. The favorite was Captain Hal. But, in a sea of mud, Captain Hal was licked. He was licked not so much by Flying Ebony as by Earle Sande, who rode that afternoon with breath-taking audacity and hair-lifting daring to bring his green-and-gold silks home ahead.

ONLY once did I ever see another jockey outmaneuver Earle Sande. That other jockey was Linus McAtee. In 1927 McAtee, astride a fair runner named Whiskery, licked Sande on Osmond in the Kentucky Derby purely through brilliant piloting.

Well, I'm going to interrupt my little confession to answer a burning question. Thousands of sports fans have been asking it. How did Seabiscuit beat War Admiral in their $15,000 match race a year and a half ago?

That colorful match race, I suppose, will go down in the annals. But not before I have my say. The cold records show Seabiscuit outran War Admiral at Pimlico, and that's all. There's actually more to it. I should know. I rode War Admiral.

Don't take it for sour grapes when I tell you Seabiscuit wasn't the better horse. Because he wasn't. Maybe that day only. But if the big match race had been staged in the spring, as originally planned, War Admiral, in perfect condition, would have won easily.

The truth is this: War Admiral wasn't ready for that particular contest. He had been marathoning in cup races all through the summer, long mile-and-a-half and two-mile events. The match-race distance was too short for him in his shape, whereas Seabiscuit, with the match in mind, had been leveled down to sprint form.

But, anyway, on May 4—

When a breeze is whipping over the bluegrass, and thousands upon thousands jam Churchill Downs, and bluecoats fight the mob, and tipsters whisper, and radio announcers shout—when the world seems to be mad—when it's old Kentucky again and it's good to be alive—

That's when you've got to remember that the best bit of horseflesh may not win. At least, not without the best bit of jockey. In my opinion, the horses that should be in the money, waiving accidents or scratches, are Andy K, Call to Colors, and Bradley's grand free runner, Bimelech. But if you really wish to pick a winner, look for him among the shrewdest and most gutty pilots in the business. Maybe Georgie Woolf, or Harry Richards, or Al Schelhamer, a fine newcomer.

Or maybe, if you want to gamble, pitch a bet on a fellow named Charley Kurtsinger. Not for my talent; not for my experience. But if I get a horse—and I got Head Play at ten o'clock the morning of the Preakness—I'll really try to drive him in, because it's my ambition to become the third jockey in all history to win three Kentucky Derbys!

THE END

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS—ABOUT WORMS!

I don't try to fool myself — every litter's going to get worms sooner or later. And it's no joke — they carry off too many pups! Of course, I'm wormed with Sergeant's SURE-SHOT CAPSULES before the pups arrive. Then we worm the pups at six weeks with PUPPY CAPSULES — and keep on watching them for new signs.

That's the system the Master learned from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. Says he wouldn't have a dog if he couldn't have a DOG BOOK too. Get your free copy at a drug or pet store (they have SURE-SHOT and PUPPY CAPSULES too) — or use this coupon.

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

FREE

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 4-E, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

SALESMEN

REPRESENT LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER
Good Pay DIRECT-TO-WEARER Plan

Offer Complete Line MADE-TO-ORDER SHIRTS—Quality NECKWEAR, HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR. Exceptionally Liberal Commissions and Extra CASH BONUSES. Every man is your prospect. Low prices help make easy sales. Big Values, Long Wear, Perfect Fit get repeat orders. No experience needed. Full or Part Time. Write TODAY for new Complete Salesman's Sample Outfit . . . FREE.

PACKARD SHIRT MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
Established Since 1923
DEPT. F-470 TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

Choose a pipe as you do a woman!

Beauty of appearance counts much but a sound, sweet companionable nature is also a vital factor. Royal Dukes are the selected and most beautiful of the thousands of pieces of briar we import. They have unsurpassable smoking qualities. Each has a *micro-mount stem* and an *air-conditioner*, a *smoke-filter* and with each comes 12 FREE filters.

ROYAL DUKE $1.50 AIR-CONDITIONED DUKE OF DUNDEE $1

AIR-CONDITIONED

AIR-CONDITIONER
Keeps the bowl dry. Reduces smoke temperature—creates perfect combustion.

SMOKE FILTER
Special absorbent material cellophane wrapped . . . double-draft, traps impurities.

MICRO-MOUNT
The ONLY screw-mount bit designed to hold a filter. Positive lock-fit of bit to stem.

At all good dealers. Write for FREE booklet —or remit to

CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., INC., 80 YORK STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Out past this inviting beach tall Yankee Clippers sailed!

Tradition! Historic tradition! The wavelets murmur it upon tide-washed Massachusetts beaches. It rustles in the trees of the tall, cool Berkshires. . . . It nods to you from bayberry and beach plum on Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Island. Along the South Shore, the North Shore, in the Pioneer Valley, it calls from every highway. . . . And from every wharf, spire and churchyard it beckons to you in dear old Boston Town.

Nowhere, save in Massachusetts, can you golf, boat, swim, ride horses, climb mountains, visit Colonial shrines, dance and frolic, or relax and rest amid such a stirring, imagination-arousing historic setting. Come to Massachusetts for your long or short vacation this summer. It will rekindle your pride of country.

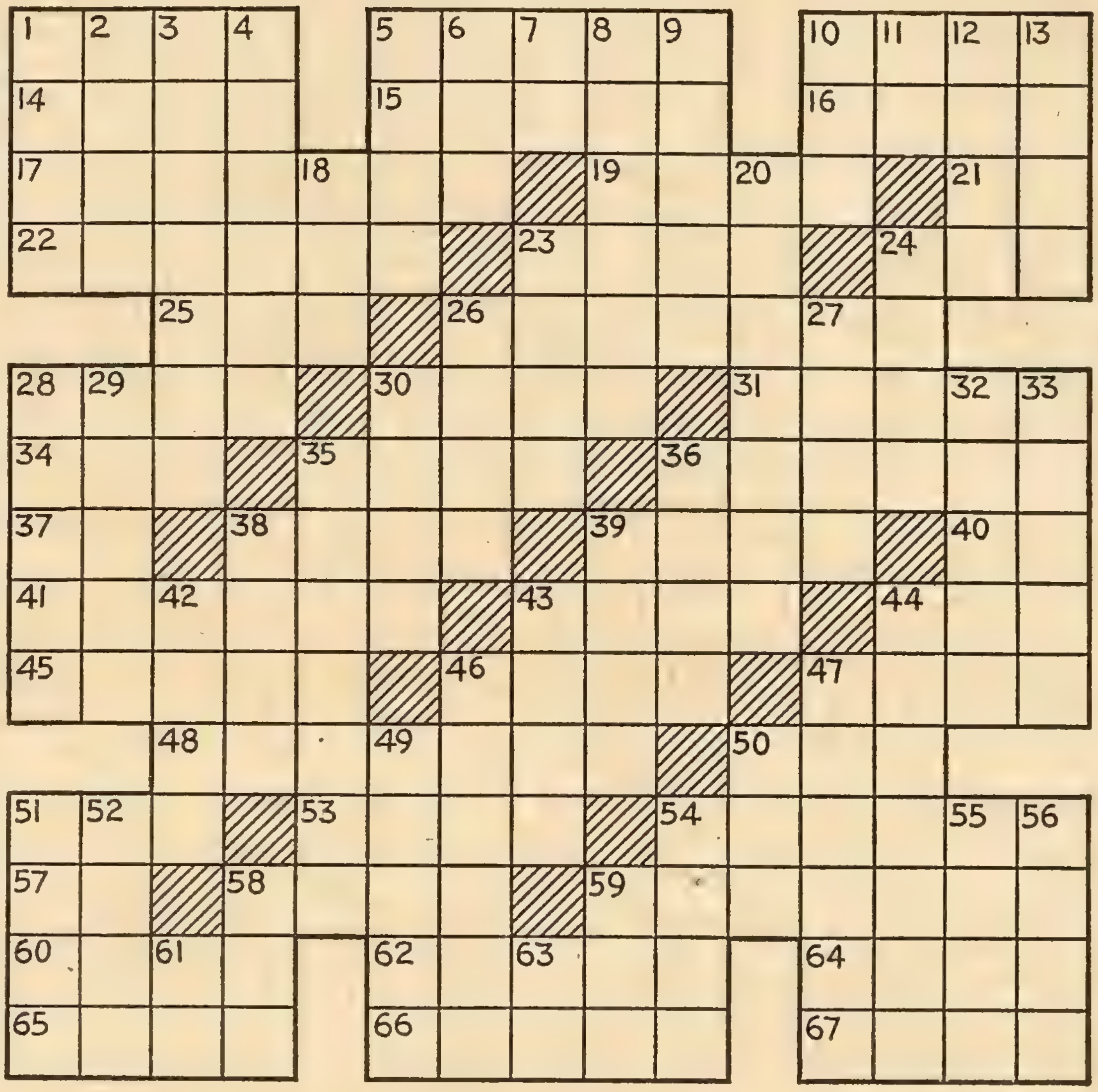
WRITE FOR THIS HANDSOME BOOKLET
"Play where America was born—in MASSACHUSETTS"

MASSACHUSETTS DEVELOPMENT & INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION, State House, Boston, Mass. Dept. Y-1
Please send me, free, the above illustrated booklet which gives complete details about vacationing in Massachusetts.
Check here for specific information about:
☐Cape Cod ☐North Shore ☐Historic Boston
☐Berkshires ☐South Shore ☐Pioneer Valley.
Name
Street
City State

CHASERS
KILL ALCOHOL and TOBACCO BREATH
Package of 5 tablets 5¢
AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

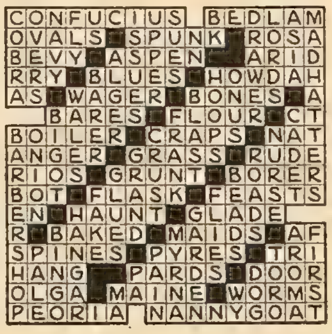


HORIZONTAL

1 Anticipation
5 Sojourn
10 Rod
14 Wrongdoing
15 Pertaining to the Carthaginians
16 Single person or thing
17 Generic name of certain American Indian tribes (pl.)
19 Spirit; dash
21 Not
22 Prefix: beyond; past
23 Pierce with a pointed weapon
24 Knowledge
25 Unused
26 Acid salt
28 Fearful
30 Small nail
31 Part of a coat
34 Part of to be
35 Desert dweller
36 Compound of boron
37 Near
38 Watering place (pl.)
39 Suggest
40 In a vertical position
41 Do again
43 Auction
44 Playing card
45 Construct
46 Unusual
47 Coffin and its support
48 Salary
50 Feel ill
51 Wager
53 Docile
54 Helpers
57 Conjunction
58 City in Nevada
59 Naval officer
60 Farm building
62 Elude
64 City in Alaska
65 Frozen vapor
66 Fruit
67 Bite by degrees

VERTICAL

1 Aid
2 Above
3 Chief constituent of oil of turpentine (pl.)
4 Overjoyed
5 Imitator
6 Conveyance
7 Preposition
8 Ate according to prescribed rules
9 Striking effect
10 Play upon words
11 Upon
12 Length without breadth
13 School in England
18 Church seat
20 Ear-shaped gastropod
23 Incrustation formed over a wound
24 Head covering
26 Genus of macaws (pl.)
27 Pastry
28 Cognizant of
29 Irrigate
30 Street urchin
32 Elicit
33 One afflicted with a certain disease
35 Calcium phosphate-fluoride
36 Ill humor
38 Religious group
39 Firm
42 Annoyance
43 Levelheaded
44 Part of an airplane wing
46 Take away
47 An awaiting
49 Jury
50 Purpose
51 Stud or knob
52 Ireland
54 Seaport in Arabia
55 One of the incarnations of Vishnu
56 Killed
58 Quarrel
59 Commotion
61 Interjection
63 Part of to be



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CONFUCIUS BEDLAM
OVALS■SPUNK■ROSA
BEVY■ASPEN■■ARID
RRY■BLUES■HOWDAH
AS■WAGER■BONES■A
  BARES■FLOUR■CT
BOILER■CRAPS■NAT
ANGER■GRASS■RUDE
RIOS■GRUNT■BORER
BOT■FLASK■FEASTS
EN■HAUNT■GLADE
R■BAKED■MAIDS■AF
SPINES■PYRES■TRI
HANG■■PARDS■DOOR
OLGA■MAINE■WORMS
PEORIA NANNYGOAT
```

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Massachusetts is famous for its hundreds of miles of beautiful bathing beaches.

SEMIFINAL WEEK

$2,000 VACATIONLAND TEST

As the 1940 vacationland test enters its semifinal week, every contestant should be considering the subject for the brief statement required by Rule 3. No entry will be considered by the judges unless accompanied by this statement. Perhaps you have already selected your subject. If not, it might be well to make a tentative choice when you have solved this week's jumbles. You will then have ninety per cent of the solutions to choose from.

If, after solving the final ten jumbles next week, you wish to change to one of those solutions for a subject, there will still be time.

Please do not prepare an elaborately decorated entry. Simplicity is best. Fancywork is not an element in this contest and will not increase the rating of your entry in the slightest. Therefore it is a waste of time and money. Concentrate on accuracy instead.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOULIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOULIN.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a $500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded $100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

No. 9

**USE
THIS
OFFICIAL
COUPON**

Jumble	Solution
1. SHALGALA	
2. TINCOATIS	
3. FONDSAR	
4. NEVILKELT	
5. CUTGASKUA	
6. MOWJATSEN	
7. BERMLEDAHA	
8. KEELSTEROV	
9. ACIPUNIFICNO	
10. TOSEPHSENRUIN	

EX-LAX MOVIES

Dad saves the Day for Junior!

MOTHER: How I dread giving Junior this laxative! He raises such a fuss!

FATHER: You can't blame the kid. I wouldn't want to take it myself!

MOTHER: Well, what else can I give him? You know he needs a laxative.

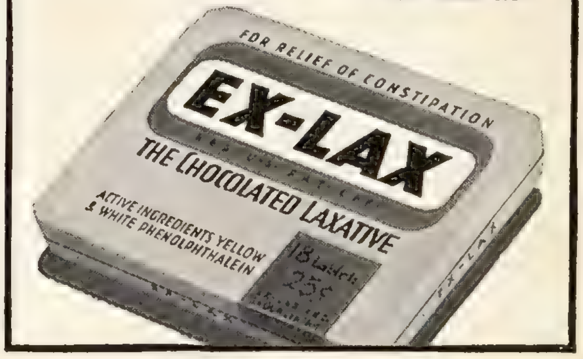
FATHER: What about Ex-Lax? It tastes like chocolate and works fine!

MOTHER: S-a-ay! Ex-Lax did wonders for Junior! And he took it without even a whimper.

FATHER: That's what I like about Ex-Lax! It not only tastes good — it's good *for* you!

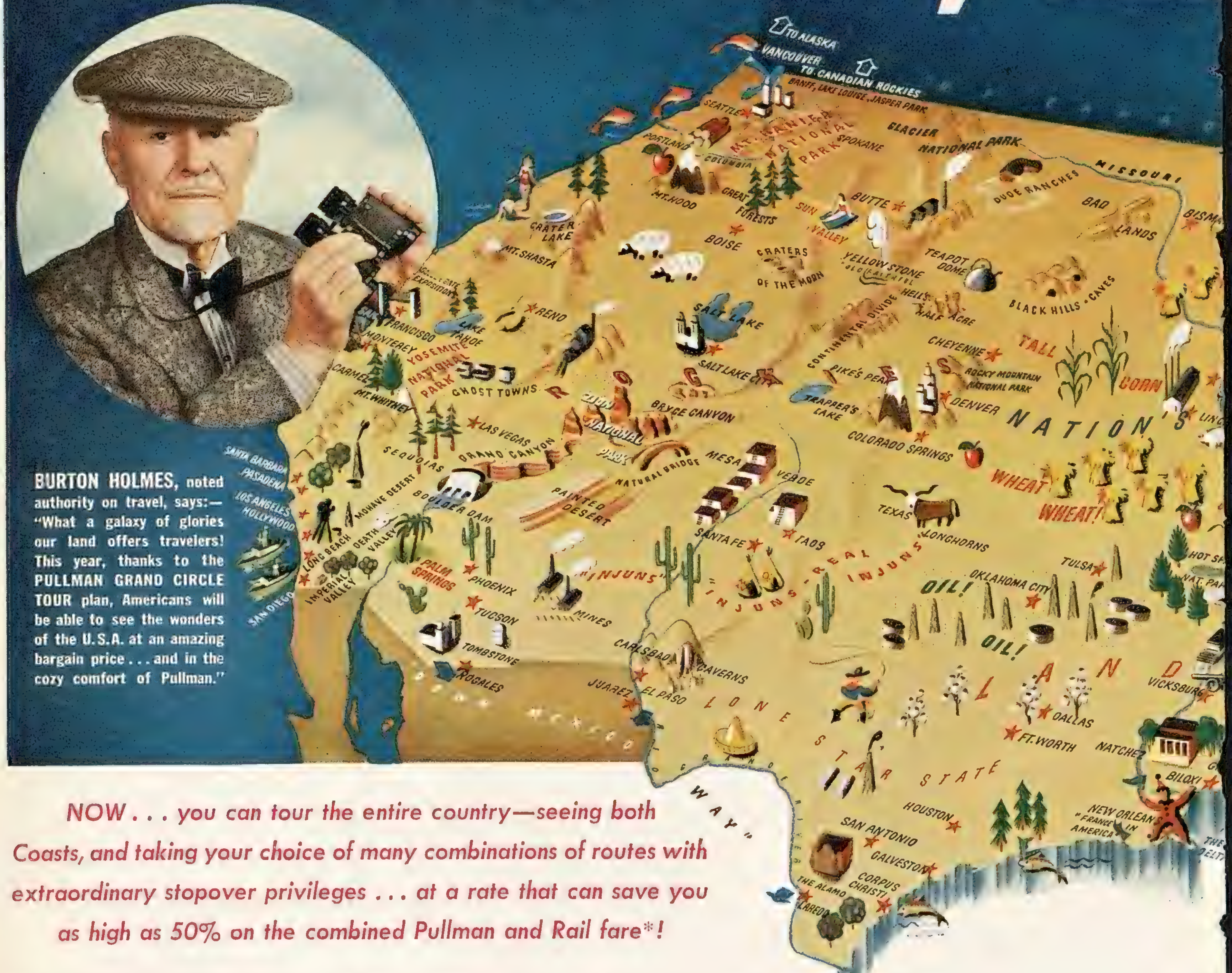
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢


FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS YELLOW & WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN
18 tablets 25¢

Now in Effect . . . the Greatest American Travel Bargain ever offere

See America by Pu


TO ALASKA
VANCOUVER
TO CANADIAN ROCKIES
BANFF, LAKE LOUISE, JASPER PARK
SEATTLE
MT. RAINIER NATIONAL PARK
SPOKANE
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
MISSOURI
PORTLAND
COLUMBIA
MT. HOOD
GREAT FORESTS
SUN VALLEY
BUTTE
DUDE RANCHES
BAD LANDS
BISM
CRATER LAKE
MT. SHASTA
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CRATERS OF THE MOON
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SAN FRANCISCO
LAKE TAHOE
MONTEREY
YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK
SALT LAKE
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
HELL'S HALF ACRE
CHEYENNE
TALL CORN
CARMEL
GHOST TOWNS
SALT LAKE CITY
PIKE'S PEAK
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK
MT. WHITNEY
ZION NATIONAL PARK
BRYCE CANYON
TRAPPER'S LAKE
DENVER
NATION'S
SEQUOIAS
LAS VEGAS
GRAND CANYON
COLORADO SPRINGS
SANTA BARBARA
PASADENA
LOS ANGELES
HOLLYWOOD
MOHAVE DESERT
BOULDER DAM
NATURAL BRIDGE
MESA VERDE
WHEAT
WHEAT!
PAINTED DESERT
TEXAS LONGHORNS
LONG BEACH
DEATH VALLEY
SANTA FE
TAOS
IMPERIAL VALLEY
SAN DIEGO
PALM SPRINGS
PHOENIX
"INJUNS"
"REAL INJUNS"
TULSA
OKLAHOMA CITY
OIL!
OIL!
TUCSON
MINES
TOMBSTONE
NOGALES
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
JUAREZ
EL PASO
LONE STAR STATE
LAND
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FT. WORTH
NATCHEZ
BILOXI
HOUSTON
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LAREDO
WAY"

BURTON HOLMES, noted authority on travel, says:—"What a galaxy of glories our land offers travelers! This year, thanks to the **PULLMAN GRAND CIRCLE TOUR** plan, Americans will be able to see the wonders of the U.S.A. at an amazing bargain price . . . and in the cozy comfort of Pullman."

NOW . . . you can tour the entire country—seeing both Coasts, and taking your choice of many combinations of routes with extraordinary stopover privileges . . . at a rate that can save you as high as 50% on the combined Pullman and Rail fare!*

WANT THE vacation of your life? Want to see America in Pullman comfort . . . *at a cost you'll scarcely think possible?*

The Pullman Company—in association with America's railroads—is now offering a remarkable "Grand Circle" Plan. Under this plan you can tour the entire country, Coast to Coast, with extraordinary stopover privileges . . . *taking your choice of many different combinations of through routes both ways* . . . and at a history-making low fare.

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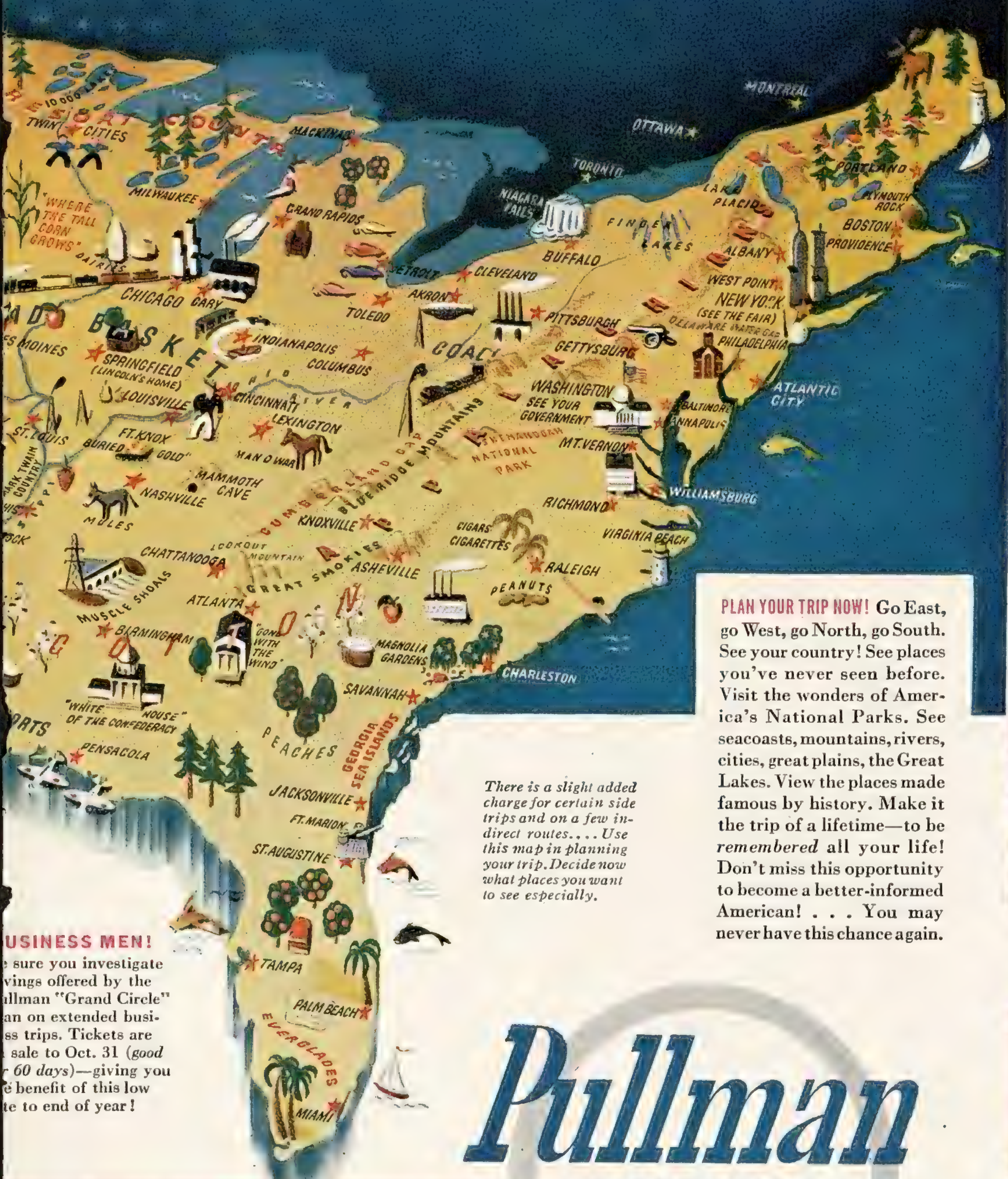
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COLUMBUS
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CINCINNATI
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WASHINGTON SEE YOUR GOVERNMENT
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VIRGINIA BEACH
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN
CHATTANOOGA
GREAT SMOKIES
ASHEVILLE
RALEIGH
PEANUTS
MUSCLE SHOALS
ATLANTA
BIRMINGHAM
"GONE WITH THE WIND"
COTTON
MAGNOLIA GARDENS
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
"WHITE HOUSE" OF THE CONFEDERACY
PEACHES
GEORGIA SEA ISLANDS
PENSACOLA
JACKSONVILLE
FT. MARION
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There is a slight added charge for certain side trips and on a few indirect routes.... Use this map in planning your trip. Decide now what places you want to see especially.

PLAN YOUR TRIP NOW! Go East, go West, go North, go South. See your country! See places you've never seen before. Visit the wonders of America's National Parks. See seacoasts, mountains, rivers, cities, great plains, the Great Lakes. View the places made famous by history. Make it the trip of a lifetime—to be *remembered* all your life! Don't miss this opportunity to become a better-informed American! . . . You may never have this chance again.

USINESS MEN!
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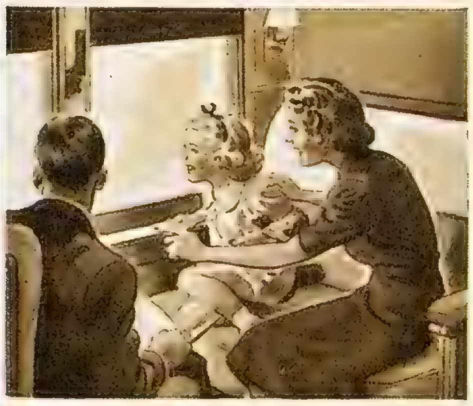
r 60 days)—giving you
é benefit of this low
te to end of year!

Pullman
FIRST CLASS
"Grand Circle" Plan

Ask your railroad ticket agent (or travel bureau) for details about many shorter round trip bargains now available in 1st class railroad fares. Act Now!

Copr. 1940, The Pullman Company, Chicago

Everybody's going to see America by Pullman this summer—at unheard-of low rates! They're going to visit friends and relatives they haven't seen in years!



It's the carefree, safe way to go! You "take it easy." Pullman gives you room to relax, and, when you go this way you look at scenery—not traffic!

Get plenty of refreshing sleep on this vacation! Pullman gives you a real bed . . . Privacy . . . Hangers for your clothes. Plenty of space for your luggage.

The observation club or lounge car on principal Pullman trains is where you'll spend a lot of time. Smoke, read, enjoy refreshments. And take your camera!

Pullman's spacious, immaculate dressing rooms have lots of lights, towels and mirrors . . . making it a real pleasure to "freshen up" during the day.

Spring Tonic

BY REBECCA STEVENSON

LIBERTY'S Short Short

EDY PHILIPS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LET'S go to a night club, Martha. Something with a little brimstone to it," Calvin Blunt urged his wife knitting by a sensible lamp in the warmth of the firelight. "You know, popping corks and . . ."

"Splitting heads." Martha, comfortably proportioned in body and spirit, purled before replying. "Remind me to give you some sulphur and molasses tomorrow."

"We're just in the prime of life, you know," he persisted.

"You get this way every spring," she reminded him placidly. "Perhaps you'd better buy a new tie tomorrow. One with a fancy design of floral or "—her eyes narrowed over a stitch—" animal nature."

Hastily Calvin Blunt concealed a twinge of amusement behind his thoroughly good pink face. Martha couldn't know how funny that sounded to him. Her intentional humor, like all her admirable nature, was staple and proven. At times he wished, with shame for the disloyalty, that she would inadvertently reveal a ruffle of guile or a bright thread of vagary; but Martha didn't consider such things becoming to her type.

That was her one flaw, if any—that routine adherence to a life pattern which ignored the ornamental frill, tuck, or . . . kick pleat.

In Martha's opinion, the increase in his restlessness this year was occasioned by the approach of his sixtieth birthday. Whatever the cause, he intended to do something about it; and if the remedy taxed his conscience, it was time the thing had something to support.

In the morning he telephoned that he would not be home for dinner, offering an excuse expressly designed to encourage suspicion. The attempt was abortive, but he was not discouraged. That evening he put a flower in his coat lapel, doctored his morale with a cocktail, and optimistically examined his baser nature. That gave him pause.

He couldn't shock his secretary with an invitation to dinner, because she would come equipped with a formidable issue of pencils and carry on to the last dreg of coffee. As for his club—the same old men in the same old chairs at the same old time!

At least he could work up a little expensive indigestion pending the development of something more acute. So, after walking awhile in the amethyst dusk of the avenue, he turned into a famous restaurant where anything, or nothing, could happen. He was no more than seated when he saw the answer approaching a table.

She was exquisite. A will-o'-the-wisp with midnight hair and the face of a young sorceress. Watching her graceful movements, he recalled a song about pale hands. Satisfied that he now vibrated to the right aberrations, Calvin Blunt prepared to make the most of it.

Fate helped. A waiter spilled water on her black velvet dress, and, in the act of being charming about it, she permitted her dark seductive glance to pass beyond the offender's shoulder and rest a moment against Calvin Blunt's supporting gaze. And then, when she was leaving, a camellia from her jeweled bag fell at his feet.

"Water spilling, flowers falling," she murmured in a faint exotic accent as she took the blossom from him. "Is there no tiny wrong that you can do?"

They had coffee and a liqueur before they went to a night club. Her name, he learned, was Luise Carmanera. At least—she shrugged with a fascinating air of mystery—it was the one she used most frequently.

It was like a page from a book. Flowers, music, laughter everywhere. Beauty and subtle perfume and insidious flattery to lull, to . . .

Just when it happened Calvin Blunt did not know, but the old restlessness smote anew, wearying him unutterably. So much noise . . . couldn't be turned down like a radio . . . might be some of Martha's Indian pudding in the icebox . . . so much perfume, haunting and persistent, like vanilla.

Suddenly he realized that his mind had simply left him and gone home where it was more comfortable—and that he was alone with a female poster murmuring like a brook. Rallying a scattered attention, he trained it on her long enough to discover the trend of such meandering. It led, deviously but surely, to the intimate haven of her own fireside, where two could speak as they would, undisturbed. There was no mistaking the invitation trailing in the scented air.

Well! Calvin Blunt straightened. He had an intimate fireside of his own—and she had an affected manner, and, to put it mildly, a strange way of behaving. Only the fact that she was young enough to be one of his several granddaughters saved her from some very plain speech.

Since Martha was not there to cope with the situation, he did the best he could by himself. His careful little sermon drew upon the stored wisdom and tolerance, the good precepts of years of ordered living. And when it was finished, he derived enough satisfaction from the attentive way she received it to atone, in part, for an evening he found exhausting.

After he had put her in a taxicab and paid the driver, he stopped to buy a generous box of the chocolate mints Martha always enjoyed.

IT was several days later the dire need of a stamp drove Calvin Blunt to search his wife's desk, and while about it he glanced over her checkbook. Not because he was curious or captious, but because it was there. He was about to close the book when one entry riveted his attention. For a long time he stared at it.

His Martha, always moderate, always well, recently had paid Louise Carman at the Globe Theater a truly shocking sum for what her round, meticulous writing described as "Spring Tonic."

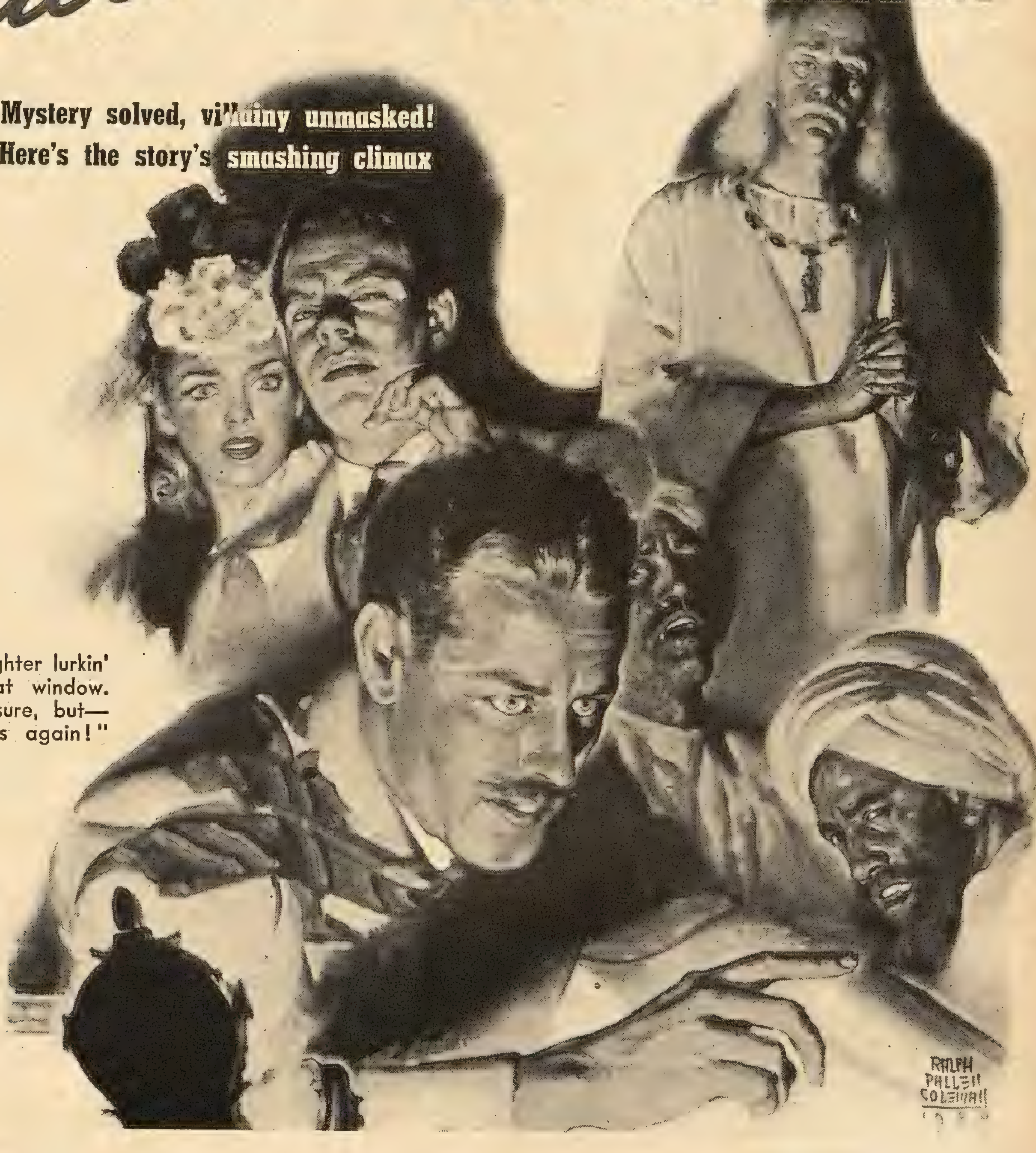
THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Calcutta ADVENTURE

BY EDISON MARSHALL

Mystery solved, villainy unmasked! Here's the story's smashing climax



"Some blighter lurkin' outside that window. Can't be sure, but—there he is again!"

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

BRUCE got out of the car and led Ginger out of hearing of the native driver. She had never seen such bewilderment on his face.

"It doesn't make sense," he murmured.

"Oh, Bruce! Maybe I just forgot to bring it!"

"You wouldn't have done that—"

"I don't know. Who had a chance to steal the pistol in that little time we took to choose our rooms? I'd left my bag with the luggage—"

"Didn't I tell you to keep it with you at all times?" His voice was stern.

"Yes. I forgot."

"Forgetting won't go in the C. I. D. But—if it's stolen—why?"

"I can't think, Bruce."

"Pistols are hard to get in India. It will take two or three days for you to get another—a special order from the D. C. and the gun shipped in. That means you'd better go back to Calcutta."

"Bruce, I won't do it. We said there was not much danger—"

"But this changes the whole picture. I don't like it. Well, we'll go ahead, but you're to stay close to me, do you hear?"

"I will! I promise."

"Maybe we've played into their hands by coming here. We'll see what we can learn from St. Rama."

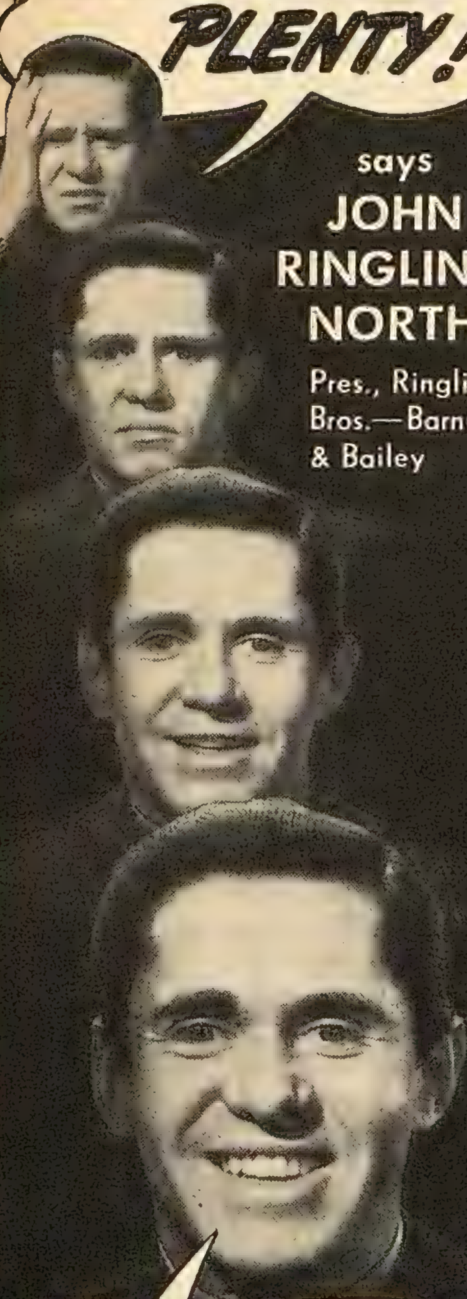
The road to the suburb was packed with pilgrims seeking enlightenment from the new avatar. All castes were there, and all creeds, from gentle lamas from beyond the Himalayas to fierce bearded Pathans and half-naked head-hunters out of the Abor Hills.

"He's going to be hard to protect," Bruce complained.

"If that's his house—where all the

HEADACHES IN THE CIRCUS? PLENTY!

says
JOHN RINGLING NORTH
Pres., Ringling Bros.—Barnum & Bailey



BROMO-SELTZER DOES MORE FOR HEADACHES THAN ANY OTHER REMEDY I'VE TRIED!

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For over 50 years, millions have taken Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on label.

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people are kneeling—any one could sneak up to a window—"

Just then they were stopped by a minor traffic accident. Two buffalo carts had collided, upsetting one of them, and its low-caste driver was wailing over his goods spilled on the road. Bruce understood why the crowd of natives scattered in all directions, something very like horror on their brown faces. The cart had contained cattle hides, the mere touch of which is damnation to pious Hindus.

But a tall native dressed in a white robe, with a dreamy, ascetic face, came out of the cottage and began tossing the heavy bundles back into the cart. The driver dropped to his knees, his hands on his forehead. At once other bystanders joined in the work, their looks of pious horror changed to exultation.

"I never expected to see that, as long as I lived," Bruce marveled. "A Brahman of the Brahmans helping a *Dagi* load cattle hides."

"Those other high-caste people seem to be getting the idea," Ginger answered thoughtfully. "I'm glad I came up here, Bruce."

Bruce got out of the car and approached the towering white-robed figure.

"Father Rama, I came from afar for audience with thee," he said.

The dark liquid eyes seemed to search his very heart, then the dreamy face lighted with a faint smile. Bruce removed his sun helmet. He knew that here was not only one of the greatest men he had ever met but as truly a saint as these latter days had seen.

"It is granted, my son," Rama answered. "Wilt thou and the memsahib come with me into my house?"

He led his guests into a cool room, unfurnished except for floor mats. When they were seated, a smiling young Brahman brought them green coconut milk, then, at a nod from the master, withdrew. Bruce saw that not the slightest protection was taken of Rama's life.

I WILL speak plainly, father," Bruce began. "We are members of the king's secret police. We have learned that there is a plot to slay thee. We have come to beg thee to take care."

The faint smile on the saintly face did not fade.

"I will die when my time comes," he answered. "Meanwhile there is work to be done."

"Hear me in patience, father. The deed is to be blamed on the English."

"So? That is an evil thing. Then my foolish people will be asked to take arms against ye, blood to be paid with blood. Why was my faithful Dono slain?"

"Because he had discovered the plot against thee—or so we think."

"What is to be done, my children?"

"We want thee to have a bodyguard and not expose thyself."

"That is impossible. But I see the way! Tonight my wisest children come to council. I will tell them that if I am slain, it will not be by the English but by those who wish to stir trouble between the brown and the white for wicked ends. They will believe me. *Bas!*"

"Can't you summon them at once? What may happen between now and then?"

"They are busy at good works until nightfall—and I must visit the sick. But be no longer concerned, my children. And now that ye have spoken in kindness, let me speak."

Bruce felt himself thrilling at the deep resonant voice. "We are truly thy children," he said.

"It has been given to me to see into men's hearts. Both of ye stand in danger of great loss. Ye are denying the gifts of the good gods."

"Speak slowly, father, and plainly," Ginger broke in. "I know but little of thy tongue."

"Ye have need of each other in the good way of earth, yet because one of ye is of high caste, as the world knows caste, ye have raised a wall between ye. Blow it down. Real caste is only in the heart, whether a king's or a sweeper's. *Bas.*"

THEN Rama rose, his face still as the face of Buddha. Nothing that they could say seemed adequate, so his two visitors moved out of the dim room into the late sunlight. They were halfway to the dak bungalow before the spell was broken.

"That was the greatest experience of my life," Bruce said.

"For me, too, I think." Ginger's eyes were wide open.

"Well, we'll get off a wire to Sir Eric, have a bite of supper, and go back there. Then we'll not let him out of our sight until he's made his declaration."

"I wish we hadn't left him even for a moment."

This regret grew upon them as the light failed quickly. The wild parrots began to shriek in the mango trees. Bruce felt that the drama was sweeping toward some utterly unknown climax.

As he and Ginger were getting in their car, another car drove up. Out of it sprang a tall distinguished man who walked with a slight limp. It was Philip Dudley.

"You're all right?" he burst out.

"Of course," Ginger answered. "Where did you come from, Phil?"

"Just arrived in a private plane. 'Fraid I wouldn't be on time. Dash it, what a relief!" Phil snapped a handkerchief from his cuff and wiped his face.

"Get in our car, Dudley," Bruce said. "We're in a hurry. You can tell us all about it on the way."

Phil tossed a rupee to the driver of his rented car, and in a few seconds more they were off.

"Do you two people realize you're goin' into danger?" he asked, more gravely than they had ever heard him speak.

"Do you mean—tonight?"

"Just what I do mean. Dashed serious, 'pon my word. I say, MacBride. I once did a bit of a favor for a native Johnny—saved his scoundrel neck—and demme if the blighter wasn't grateful! Well, when one of the terrorist laddies saw you two buyin' tickets for Parbatipur, this Johnny listened in on some grapevine, and then came to me."

"I see," Bruce said.

"You were recognized as a C. I. D. man. It seems there's a plot on to kill this Rama chappie, because he's opposin' a big outbreak of terrorism or some other trouble, and they don't mean for you to interfere."

Bruce's thoughts flew fast. Could Ginger have been wrong, and the plot had not included blaming the murder on the white aliens? If so, Rama's danger was immediate and extreme. No false evidence need be planted; a shot in the dark would do the work. By the same token, his and Ginger's danger had also increased.

"Did you notify Sir Eric you were coming?" Bruce asked.

"Called him on the telephone. He's deuced uneasy."

"We've got to go ahead. We're in the C. I. D. But you needn't expose yourself, Dudley. Hadn't you better let us go on alone?"

"Wouldn't think of it. Anyway, they don't want me—a mere outsider—but as a C. I. D. man, you're fair game. Are you armed, MacBride?"

"Yes."

"How about you, Ginger?"

"Bruce's gun is enough," she replied.

"By Jove, no, if you're going into the ruckus with him. Are you?"

"I surely am." Ginger spoke clearly.

"Then you'll take my gun. No, it's too blasted heavy for you—a forty-five automatic. Oh, the deuce—"

"I could give her mine," Bruce said. "It's light enough for her to handle. But—"

"That's the ticket! Then you take mine. I assure you I won't need it. Here—put it on."

Phil was already unfastening his shoulder holster. Bruce strapped it on and slipped his light thirty-eight into Ginger's handbag.

"But you've got to promise to stay completely out of range," Bruce said. "Will you, Dudley?"

"Absolutely. But better look in that gun. I'm sure I loaded it, but just to be safe—"

Bruce slipped back the breech. There was a cartridge in the chamber, and the magazine was full, lacking one. That made seven rounds in all, and Bruce wondered why he should even notice this slight omission.

Now they were stopping close by Rama's cottage. There were no pilgrims about the door at present, but the young dark was dotted with low dung fires, where the worshipers sat at their evening meal. As Bruce got out of the car, the cottage door opened, and the dim light within revealed the entrance of two white-robed elders. Apparently the council of chelas (disciples) was about to begin.

"You stay with Phil," Bruce told Ginger.

"I'm going with you."

"Let me take your place, old girl," Phil said.

Ginger stood tall. "I'm in the C. I. D. and you're not."

"Wish to blazes I was!"

"I can't order you to stay, Ginger," Bruce said. "You've accepted a commission in the Department."

"Bruce, I'm going with you. I can help you keep watch."

Bruce nodded, waved his hand to Phil, and led Ginger toward the humble doorway. One of Rama's chelas admitted him. In the dim glimmer of one oil lamp, Bruce saw Rama squatted on the floor, with half a dozen nobly-visaged natives crouched in a semicircle before him.

All gave friendly glances to the visitors, and Rama rose to greet them. Bruce could not understand the cold dread settling in his bones.

"You two friends are still fearful of my life?" Rama asked with a smile.

"Yea—and for the future welfare of India, if thou art slain," Bruce answered.

"I believe thee. I do not think that thou speaketh only for thy tribe, for thou knoweth all men are one tribe. If I am slain, the blame will not be put on the English. I will tell these friends so."

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"Wilt thou tell them at once, father?"

"As soon as we have finished our present discussion of an obscure passage in the Vedas."

The low-voiced talk went on. Presently there came a knock at the door, and Phil limped into the room.

"I am sorry to intrude, holy one," Phil said in fluent Hindi. "But I am a friend of the Indian people, and I have learned a terrible thing of which I must speak to these agents of the government."

Rama's dreamy expression passed away. Bruce got the idea that he was greatly mystified and perhaps displeased.

"Is it so urgent? We hold council here. But you may stand beside them."

"I had to come, MacBride," Phil whispered. "Couldn't let you and Ginger stand watch alone—"

"But why did you make such an extravagant excuse?" Bruce asked. He looked pale, Ginger thought. A curious tension was stealing over him.

"Best I could think of on the spur of the moment. It's all right. They've gone on with their talk."

BUT the excuse had not sounded spontaneous to Bruce. Indeed it seemed to have been carefully worded, and subject to more than one interpretation. And now the whole scene had a curious nightmare quality—the still-faced natives in the lamplight, Ginger's hair gleaming golden, aristocratic Phil standing in easy grace beside him. But Phil's eyes were gleaming. . . . His handkerchief flicked out of his cuff and back again. . . . And then some little metal object gleamed on the earthen floor at Bruce's feet.

He did not look straight at it. Some powerful instinct was at work in him. Covertly he dropped his gaze, sweeping across the object several times before he was positive of its identity. It was an empty shell of a forty-five pistol cartridge.

It had not been there a moment before. Why was it there now?

Why had Ginger's pistol been stolen?

Why had Phil told her, at long last, the secret of Verdi's high birth?

And why was Phil here? The native for whom he had "done a bit of a favor" became suddenly hard to credit.

"Bruce?" Ginger whispered.

"O. K."

"I thought I saw Phil at the station when we got off the train, but he slipped away in the crowd. It seemed so unbelievable that I didn't tell you—"

"Keep your hand on that gun!"

Meanwhile Phil had changed his position a little. He was now directly behind St. Rama and close to the shelf where stood an oil lamp. Bruce moved a little closer to his side.

"By Jove, MacBride, this is a rum go," Phil whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"Some blighter lurkin' outside that window. Can't be sure, but—*there he is again!*"

Phil whirled toward the window. Bruce did not look that way; and, holding hard, he saw Phil's elbow strike the lamp, knocking it over. The flame flickered once, then went out, and darkness choked the room.

But in that darkness Bruce saw more clearly than ever in his life—with an inner vision born of the most desperate crisis he had ever faced.

"Cock your pistol," Phil whispered. "Hell's about to pop." And then, raising his voice so that all the stunned inmates of the room could hear: "Somebody knocked my arm, but no harm done. Every one stand still till I can get a light—"

But Bruce did not stand still. He was already in motion, the shortest possible route to Rama, and it did not surprise him when he collided with some one moving toward the same object. Bruce thrust his pistol barrel into the man's side, and his voice rose harsh as a wolf's bark in the silent room.

"Don't you move!"

The threat would not serve. Bruce knew this, in that split second of silence and ineffable suspense, as the enemy set his muscles for his next move. There was no use of Bruce pulling the trigger. It would be a fatal waste of time: the shell in the chamber of his pistol would prove a dud. So Bruce struck out and upward with his left hand, his fist closed, all the power of his shoulder behind the blow. The enemy reeled back, and a second more was gained.

That second gave Ginger time to throw her forces into the battle. In her big pocketbook she had carried not only Bruce's pistol but a small flat flashlight. Suddenly its golden wedge cut through the darkness.

IT showed Phil Dudley, his eyes bright and fierce as a tiger's, a murderous expression on his highbred face, a flashlight in his left hand and what appeared to be an old-fashioned cap-and-ball pistol in the other. He was in the act of rallying from Bruce's blow, but as he saw Ginger's pistol leveled on his breast, he gave a cry of baffled fury and sprang for the door.

As he reached it, he whirled, his fantastic weapon sweeping toward Bruce. Perhaps he would have yet avenged the foiling of his great plot if the brawny young native who served St. Rama had not lunged against him, knocking the pistol from his hand. Phil struggled to escape, but the native clutched him with sinewy arms, and now others were rushing in.

Phil made one last effort to get away, incredibly brave. When Bruce saw his delicate white hand work free from the native's clutch and fly to his mouth, he knew that effort was successful. But it was a darker night than that outside the door toward which the great operator was fleeing.

"I'm all right now," he said in level tones. "You can stand back." And there was not a trace of Piccadilly in his distinguished voice.

"Draw back and let him alone," Bruce ordered.

"Thanks, MacBride. You'll not send for a stomach pump, will you? I don't think you'd have time, but—"

"Certainly not. I think you're making a fitting exit."

"I always knew you were a gentleman. Otherwise I underestimated you, the greatest mistake in my career."

"That's high praise coming from you, Adams."

"Ginger, I was sorry to have to trick you. If conditions had been a little different, I'd have fallen in love with you. Had a hard time not doing so, as it was."

"I'll always remember," Ginger answered, her voice trembling. "Now hadn't you better lie down?"

"I'll sit down and lean against the wall. The stuff acts quick—standard equipment, you know, for us operators—and, I'm glad to say, quite painless." With his old grace, he dropped to the floor.

"Do you feel like talking?" Bruce asked. "I'm very curious as to why you are called Adams."

PHIL smiled. "Shan't gratify your curiosity. You'll enjoy working it out at your leisure—like a crossword puzzle. But you had the full explanation in your hand at one time." Phil had turned deathly white, but his voice rang clear. "It's a poetical allusion—and not very complimentary."

"There's one thing I'd like to ask, too," Ginger said, trying to control her voice. "If you're an Englishman, it must have been some dreadful thing to turn you against your country. But I'm hoping you're not."

"I can assure you, my dear, that I've been serving my native country from first to last."

His breathing became troubled. A gray film was stealing over his face. Watching helplessly, Ginger slipped her hand into Bruce's.

"Isn't there anything we can do to help you through?" Bruce asked.

"At such times one has curious longings," the great adversary answered, speaking with long pauses between his phrases. "One's childhood training, you understand, prevailing over the schools—and, in my case, over the new cults of my country." Phil's head sank on his breast, but he raised it again. "I wonder if that great priest—who was to have been my victim—will understand what I mean."

Rama came forward, his calm ascetic face lighted as though from within.

"Go in peace, my son," he said in English, "and if you are reborn, may it be to a world at peace."

"Thanks, father. . . . Well, I'm off. . . . Good night, all."

His breaths became fainter and further apart, and finally ceased.

The word had gone out all over India of Adams' death. Everywhere the police and plain-clothes men were on guard against sporadic revolt and terrorism, but the saving of Rama's life by government agents had thrilled the people, and most of the smuggled guns would be given up, unfired. In time India must go free—all its great chiefs knew this—but she would obtain her freedom by peaceful means.

IN the afternoon sunlight of the third day of peace, Bruce, Ginger, and Sir Eric were seated on the veranda of the dak bungalow, watching the pilgrims stream back and forth to Rama's shrine. The time had come for the last round-up of the case.

"Give us the works, Bruce," Ginger said. "You've strung us along long enough."

"Weel, I've waited to see if I couldn't solve Adams' crossword puzzle, but I don't seem able to," Bruce answered thoughtfully. "The rest is easy."

"Simple as A B C, of course. Just the same, Bruce—begin at the first and use plain language."

"It begins with Warwick and Phil sitting in the Ritz Café, talking over their great plot. I heard Phil's voice and saw his hand; but when they discovered my presence behind the palms, Phil slipped out and summoned Verdi, waiting near by for orders, to take his chair. That confused me from the start."

"Perfectly understandable," Sir Eric said with a twinkle in his eye. "By the way—I forgot to tell you—we've got Verdi. But if he's an Italian nobleman—"

"He's just a gangster. Phil told you that, Ginger, so we'd think Verdi was Adams, and waste our time on him."

"Go back to the Ritz Café," Ginger ordered by way of reply, "and don't mix me up."

"Phil left Warwick and Verdi at the table, and streaked for a telephone," Bruce went on. "He called you, Sir Eric, and said he was dropping in. His real purpose was to be at your house when I arrived there—in case I lived that long—to find out if I had heard or understood the conversation, or had seen him at the table. It was one of the boldest and most desperate acts I've ever known. What he would have done if I had exposed him then and there, I can't imagine. But although I had only a vague feeling of seeing him somewhere lately, he thought best to order me shot."

"That was his second great mistake. You might have forgotten the whole affair."

"At the first chance he made an excuse to see me at the hospital. His fears returning, he ordered Metha to sound me out, and, if necessary, wipe me out. And his getting himself mixed up with those flowers was one of the most disarming acts I've ever known a master criminal to accomplish."

"Yes, that was good work," admitted Sir Eric.

"It was almost as disarming as his refusal to enter your service, Sir Eric. It fitted so perfectly into his role of an English sportsman and modern knight. Of course his real reason was that he dared not face the exhaustive examination which the Department gives recruits."

"We're still at the hospital," Ginger broke in.

"All right, I'll go on. Metha knew Phil was due to call. That's why he screamed out the secret that I was Khodo, hoping Phil was in hearing. His apparent fury at him, which I took to be a native's hatred of pukka sahibs, was a clever blind."

"It does sound simple, after all."

"Ginger, you told Phil about seeing Dr. Alva at the dock. He ordered you abducted. If he hadn't been half in love with you, he'd have ordered you shot instead—his next great mistake."

"Thanks, Bruce."

"With Alva dead and Warwick and the raj arrested, Phil had to strike quick. When we started for Parbatipur, he knew the hour was at hand. But, great captain that he was, he determined that we should play into his hands."

"He arrived ahead of us by plane, of course."

"And engineered the theft of your pistol. Now let me tell this story as it might have been. A gun goes off in the dark of St. Rama's hut. Phil turns on his flashlight, and there is Rama lying dead, and I, a government agent, standing there with a pistol in my hand. 'Great God, MacBride,' he cries, 'what have you done?'"

Ginger shuddered. "Go on, Bruce," she said.

"Phil appears to take my side. He suggests that I shot Rama by accident. But the disciples remember that he came in hastily, saying that he had learned 'a terrible thing,' obviously the rumor that I intended to kill Rama as a revolutionary, which, as a friend of the native, he had tried to prevent. Also they heard him say that some one—obviously me—knocked his arm against the lamp."

"But what about that funny-looking gun?"

"It went out the window to a waiting confederate an instant after the shot."

"But the bullet! Wouldn't that prove your innocence?"

THAT'S the devil of it. He'd say so, of course—ask the natives to be patient—and I'd believe it. But when the bullet is recovered from Rama's body, it proves to be fired from the gun he had lent me. The ballistic experts swear to it."

"But I don't understand—"

"Ginger, he had your gun stolen, so I would lend you mine, and he could lend me his. That bullet had already been fired through the forty-five, into some soft substance, and recovered. There it received the rifling marks that would convict me. On its second trip it was to kill Rama. And on that trip it was to be fired out of a made-over smooth-bore that would make little or no new marks upon it."

"But why did he wait so long, after

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the light went out? Did he have to get close so he wouldn't miss?"

"He had to get so close he could put the end of the barrel almost against Rama's body. But not because he was afraid of missing. A cylindrical bullet from a smooth-bore turns over and over in the air, and would cause a wound that would waken suspicion."

"The empty shell on the floor wouldn't look so well for you either, would it, Bruce?" Ginger looked at him with shining eyes. "It was the most infernal scheme I ever heard of. But it's all over now—"

"I won't be content until I know why Phil was called Adams."

"He said you had it right in your hands once."

"What could he have meant? It must have been that letter—the real Adams letter—the one the raj said was so characteristic—that I found in the raj's dressing gown and threw aside as of no importance, while I gave all my time to Verdi's schedule of gun shipments." Bruce's eyes were lighting up.

"What did it say? Can you remember?"

"It said he couldn't come to the party because he was expecting a call from his doctor. That would be Dr. Alva, returning from killing Rama's disciple who knew too much. His leg had been troubling him since the war began, he wrote — the wound had something to do with his hatred of the British; we can be sure of that. And then he quoted some poetry—"

"I think you're on the right track," Ginger said, almost too excited to breathe. "Phil told us the name was a poetical allusion, not too flattering."

"I remember now—but I still don't see. He said he couldn't even 'walk like a man,' let alone dance. Ginger—"

Ginger sprang to her feet. Sonorously she began to quote:

"'Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—
the Bear that walks like a man!'"

"Oh, lord!" Sir Eric breathed.

"It's Kipling, isn't it?" Bruce murmured. "He referred to the Russian Bear. And Phil was given that nickname—Adams—short for Adam-zad—because he's a Russian."

There fell a brief silence. Ginger heaved a little sigh.

"Well, I'm glad he wasn't an Englishman," she breathed.

A few minutes later Sir Eric rose. "I've got to send a telegram," he explained. "See you later."

His footsteps died away. There was no other sound save the monotonous dong-dong of a coppersmith bird in the garden and the hum of bees working late in the trumpet flowers. Bruce could hardly recall a more peaceful scene. The veranda where they sat was cut off from the view of the road by a high hedge.

"There's one point not quite clear in my mind," Bruce said thoughtfully.

"Not really!"

"How did you happen to have that little flashlight in your bag? It wasn't there when your pistol was stolen, or it would have gone too. The whole plot depended on darkness. And I hadn't instructed you to carry a flashlight."

"I had one in my luggage, and took it with me that night in place of the stolen pistol," Ginger explained calmly. "You see, I've heard father tell about hunting tigers in the dark. There had to be some one to hold a light while the hunter took aim."

Silence fell, grew long, became charged with suspense. Startled, Ginger looked into Bruce's face. It had turned quite red, and his dark eyes were shining as though they had made some great discovery.

"What is it, Bruce?" she asked.

"'Some one to hold a light,'" he echoed.

"What do you mean? I think I know, but I want you to tell me."

"That's what I want of you, Ginger. Always to hold a light for me."

"Bruce—"

"Don't speak yet. Listen. The problem of caste doesn't exist any more. Rama showed us that. It never did exist except in our imagination. But hunting tigers in the dark is dangerous."

Ginger nodded.

"It takes endless patience, endless care. There's no time for anything else. It's a terribly lonely watch, while the rest of the world is asleep or at play. But that's not the worst."

He had asked her not to speak and she did not make a sound.

"You must match cunning with cunning, ferocity with ferocity. It's so easy to become a tiger yourself—show no mercy, become tricky and two-faced with every one, fail to differentiate between a young adventurous tiger who raids a cattle pen and a confirmed man hunter; forget the high purpose of law and prey on one's fellow men."

Ginger's hand went out and Bruce took it, but still she did not speak.

"Even that is not the worst," Bruce went on. "The worst is the danger of losing faith in mankind—which means in everything. But if you would hold a light for me, Ginger, all this would never happen. Will you do it?"

"I can speak now?"

"Yes."

"Do I have to?" she asked with a flash of her old spirit. "You're a detective. Don't you know my answer?"

"I don't dare believe the clues."

"Here's one you can believe." Ginger rose, bent over him and kissed him on the lips.

A few breathless minutes later Sir Eric came to the door, looked at them, made a pointless remark, and strolled away. They were sitting quite properly, gazing into the garden, but there was a certain expression in their eyes, and he knew that this case was closed.

THE END

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WOMEN like to be baffled, says sleight-of-hand artist Russell Swann, but we refuse to *stay* baffled. When he does conjuring tricks for a girl, he has to explain how they're done or she gets mad. Maybe that's why he's still a bachelor—magicians being pledged not to reveal the secrets of their art.

Magic is fashionable now. Russell Swann entertains at such society spots as the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room in New York, the Ambassador in Los Angeles. Performing a while ago at a smart London night club, he selected a random young man from the audience to serve as his stooge. Random young man turned out to be the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the king.

Not knowing who he was, Mr. Swann slapped him on the back, yelled in his ear, used him for all the routine gags. That would have been Mr. Swann's swan song if Gloucester had not interfered. The duke came back night after night, escorting titled ladies to be similarly joshed as stooges. Conjuring lets down all barriers of caste for those it fascinates.

Dentists and doctors often excel as amateur magicians, Mr. Swann told me, yet as onlookers children usually are harder to fool than intellectual grown-ups who attempt to apply logic. Some big-shot racketeers take keen interest in sleight of hand, are as difficult to fool as the children. Russell Swann has been an actor; has worked on Wall Street. He was born in Washington, D. C. So perhaps conjuring came to him naturally.

☆ Terrors of undercover war were fetched impressively home to me by a woman who has just returned to the United States after three years of welfare work in China, Palestine, and Spain. She showed me a little vial of deadly poison she kept always with her. "We never knew into whose hands we might fall," she said; "it was safer to have this."

During the past twenty years of revolt and conflict I have been on terms of intimate acquaintance with half a dozen people—two women and four men—who take the same precaution against dangerous living. One is a famous American war correspondent. Somehow, to me, that little bottle of death they carry *for safety's sake* betrays the nightmare of our epoch more frightfully than bombs or blackouts.

☆ Now is the time to start collecting elderberry blossoms for next winter. A china bowl filled with them imparts a delicate springlike fragrance to the house. Elderberry bushes are blooming this month along country roads, by brooksides, even in some vacant city lots. They're easy to find. The umbrella-shaped tufts of white flowers are plentiful. Gather them on a sunny morning. Strip the flowers from the stems and spread out on sheets of cardboard. Place in a warm room, but not too near direct heat. After a couple of days put them up in tightly closed glass jars. Keep in a dry closet until cold weather comes again.

☆ When your first native strawberries begin to appear, save money by serving them as a sauce in the following way: . . . Cut slices of yesterday's white bread in neat 2-inch squares. Pour 1 cup scalded milk over ½ cup powdered sugar. Add ½ teaspoon cinnamon to milk and let cool. Dip the bread squares in the milk, then spread both sides with shredded coconut. Lay carefully in baking pan. Bake about 20 minutes in moderate oven, until nicely browned. Serve warm with a bowl of fresh strawberries crushed and sugared. Ladle the berries over the coconut-bread squares. *Strawberry Porcupines* is the name of this dessert.

☆ Constance Harris, statistician for the Providence Journal and Evening Bulletin, sent in last week's best letter on lady plumbers. "You're right," she writes, "about there not being any so far as Rhode Island is concerned.

"You may be interested to know, however, that Rhode Island has twenty-three women paper hangers, fourteen women undertakers, seven women porters, four women stonecutters, four women forest rangers, two professional fisherwomen, and two women auctioneers."

"How appropriate—an amateur hour!"

☆ If you enjoy folksy home-town books I recommend Henry Bellamann's new novel, Kings Row. Its excitements are tellingly American. (Published by Simon & Schuster.)

☆ Island of Jamaica, British West Indies, might claim to be the birthplace of the cocktail. Describing the earthquake that destroyed Jamaica's pirate city of Port Royal in 1692, a clergyman who witnessed the catastrophe began his diary for the day as follows: "*I was drinking a cocktail when it commenced to happen. . . .*" This snack of history was handed on to me by Captain John C. Townley, shortly after he brought the mammoth liner Queen Elizabeth through war-imperiled waters to New York.

MANNERHEIM

Hero of Finland

BY EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Roosevelt, etc.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

IT was Mannerheim's desire to see the Germans go, but Svinhufvud retained them. The new Parliament, elected immediately after the Finnish occupation of the capital, deprived all Socialists of their seats because of their " revolution," and was therefore conservative and pro-German. " Monarchy or republic? " was the question which at that time confronted the liberated Finns, as it did, contemporaneously, the liberated Czechs and Poles. It was by a very slender majority that the Parliament decided in favor of a monarchy—and that with a Hohenzollern prince on the throne. The monarchists did not perceive that the new commercial treaty which Germany thrust upon them was already a forecast of economic vassalage.

Meanwhile the fateful year 1918 had advanced as far as August. The Germans were by now conscious of defeat, and Wilhelm II refused the crown of Finland on behalf of his son, and responded with the offer of a relative from another branch of the family, a prince of Hesse. The Allies, sweeping forward victoriously, sent a warning to the Finns. Interminable and futile debates went on in the Parliament in Helsinki. The majority stuck to its guns; it insisted on handing over the scepter to a Hohenzollern.

Meanwhile November drew on, and by now the Hessian prince, too, saw that the days of regal glory were at an end, and he declined the offer. Only the Finnish monarchists needed an extra week to hear the warning bell of fate; in the very midst of the thunder of the German collapse they were still looking for a Hohenzollern who might be hastily invested with the purple and made the head of their country.

It was an atmosphere in which Mannerheim simply could not breathe. Immediately after his entry into Helsinki he had resigned from all his official posts and had gone to Sweden. The terrifying swiftness with which the general-liberator left his country was all the more amazing since he was driven out not by a Socialist but by a pro-German majority, not by a revolutionary but by a monarchistically inclined Parliament. What could presumably have been more to the taste of this former courtier and guardsman of the Czar than a little royal court, like that of Stockholm, in which he would only have to ask for any position that he coveted?

No; he was not opposed to the idea of a king, and he himself had let it be known that he had no objection to a Danish prince. But he could not tolerate the thought of a German on the throne of his country. As it was, even the German general still remained in Finland, though there was nothing for him to do there, and the effect of his protracted stay was to place the country on the list of the allies of Germany. Mannerheim simply banished himself from his fatherland the day after his liberation of it, and only a few months after he had returned to it filled with the desire to serve it.

It was only after Germany had been definitely defeated that the Finnish government unbent so far as to apply to Mannerheim in Stockholm with the request that he proceed to London and Paris in the service of Finland, and work in the Allied capitals for his country, which not only found itself in a ghastly political situation but was suffering from actual hunger. Mannerheim accepted the assignment on condition that he be permitted to retain the status of a private citizen. By the time he reached London it was November 11. In those dramatic days of the armistice no one had time for a Finn. In Paris, too, he found anti-Finnish sentiment everywhere. In any case, every one was waiting for the outcome of the great conference which was about to open.

At this unfavorable juncture of affairs the old Germanophile Svinhufvud was compelled to retire, and he himself proposed the general for the position of Chief of State. By this time even the German general realized that it would be best for him to go. The German period was at an end.

Mannerheim was elected by the Finnish Parliament to the position of Director of the Reich; that is, a kind of regent. There is something symbolic in the fact that he had to leave his country before his countrymen would place him at the helm. Even now he could have asked for anything he wanted and become the factual dictator. He preferred, however, to stay on at first in Paris, hoping that his official position would enable him to work more effectively for his country. He did, in fact, succeed in establishing, via the French minister Pichon, diplomatic relations between France and a country which until very recently had been considered a moral ally of Germany. Most important, however, he persuaded the Allies to drop the blockade as far as Finland was concerned, and to permit that country to obtain much-needed food.

Mannerheim returned again to Finland in December, 1918, a year—almost to the day—after his first return; now he was no longer a mere general, but the chosen Chief of State.

Side by side with his own ship there came into the harbor another bringing the first grain to Finland. Never had the ship of a newly elected Chief of State been accompanied by a nobler convoy. With what emotions he must have looked upon his country, which he had liberated only yesterday, and which today was in the position of a defeated nation!

He brought more than bread, and more than re-established diplomatic relations: he had with him the definite though informal promise that the important Aaland Islands would belong to Finland. The first political move of this cavalry leader and field marshal had been a brilliant success. It was only in the matter of an amnesty for the Finnish Reds, which had already been suggested to him in London, that he remained obdurate: he insisted on having them brought to trial, for he considered them guilty of his country's ills. He was, however, compelled to agree to an amnesty which one of the ministers, acting irregularly, had already decreed.

And then Mannerheim committed a blunder which history will not hold against him but for which his own heart reproaches him till this day. Six months after his appointment as Chief of State came the election for the first real President of Finland. Who could be considered fitter for this position than he? Should he not permit his name to be put forward? He overlooked the envy which he had awakened; he overlooked the fact that now it was not the people but the Parliament which did the electing—a Parliament composed of demagogues, lawyers, and party henchmen who in the dull daily grind of politics had long since lost the high emotions and the sense of history proper to the time; they had even lost every feeling of gratitude.

The result was that, a year after his entry as liberator into the capital, Mannerheim was defeated in the elections held there, and that by an adverse vote of 193 to 50—a liberal professor being chosen instead. Very possibly he called to mind the fate of Themistocles and of other parallel figures of antiquity, soldiers and liberators whom national ingratitude had driven, if not into exile, at least beyond the borders of their own countries. But the instinct of the people was sounder than that of its representatives: in a few days a popular subscription had raised seven million marks to present to the liberator, and he used the greater part of the money for the creation of public foundations.

For the second time within the year Mannerheim left his country, a deeply wounded man.

CHARLES DE FEO

In his seventy-third year he has been at the battle front for the fourth time, and the entire burden has rested upon his shoulders.

THE rejected national hero came, like many another deposed chief of state, to Paris. Whom did he find there? A feeling of irony must have awakened in him when he encountered the men who, three short years before, had constituted the glory of the court of St. Petersburg: Imperial Grand Dukes and distinguished ambassadors, some of them impoverished, others sick, walking the pavements of the French capital.

Where were they now, those glittering banquets of Tsarskoye Selo to which the talk of the exiles returned again and again? The banished Russian noblemen smiled, for they were Slavs and took life philosophically. They smiled as they turned to their Finnish friend, whose fate had been happier than theirs, and asked for his assistance in the temporary regulation of their affairs; for in 1919 the Bolshevik government was looked upon as weak. Mannerheim wrote long letters to the Finnish President in behalf of his old comrades.

A conqueror—though he lost a war—lives for history in the pages of a brilliant biography

Later, when he returned as private citizen to Helsinki, he was offered the command of the Citizen Guards. With the passing of the years his name had become a legend among his people. But the government trembled, just as the German government had trembled when Bismarck, dismissed from his post, returned to Berlin: the lion was here again! The Finnish lion, however, was still vigorous and he inspired such terror that the President and the Minister of War conspired against him and succeeded by their intrigues in robbing him of the honorary position which had been offered him. When another popular movement arose to offer him the command of the army, he first directed a letter to the government, asking what it intended to do about the revolu-

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NO OTHER HARSH DRUGS

tionary activities in the country. No answer was ever given him; instead, he was offered the post of Finnish minister to Paris, which he refused. These intrigues took place exactly two years after his victory.

But nothing could discourage him from continuing to work for Finland. When, at about this time, the fate of the Aaland Islands was to be decided by the League of Nations, Mannerheim went to Paris to oppose the claims of Sweden, which were being pressed by the Swedish King. The latter, at an official dinner given in the Elysée, urged Sweden's claims upon the President of the French Republic; Mannerheim countered almost on the same day by appealing to Clemenceau, who had spoken against Finland in the Chamber of Deputies. By the force of his personality not less than by the pointedness of his arguments, Mannerheim actually prevailed upon the old French statesman to reverse himself by giving a farfetched interpretation to his own words. In the end the islands remained Finnish, the Swedes obtaining the concession that the fortifications were to be dismantled.

A decade later Mannerheim, now a man over sixty, accepted a much finer official position. He was placed at the head of the child welfare and Red Cross organizations of his country; nor did he regard the appointment as a formality, but threw himself into the work. Then, fifteen years after his victory, he was given the rank of marshal by old Svinhufvud, who had been re-elected. This took place two years after the officers of the Finnish army, embittered by the shabby treatment of their great leader, had themselves made him a present of a marshal's baton.

REAPPOINTED in his later years to the position of chief commander, Mannerheim threw himself with all the energy of his prime into the building of the Mannerheim Line. He fought the project through in the teeth of the opposition, and compelled the Parliament to make the necessary appropriations. At the same time his military reputation was enhanced by the belated recognition of foreign experts; the French General Weygand spoke of the Finnish campaign in terms of extravagant praise.

Meanwhile he did not neglect his old hobbies and studies. He had brought down a tiger in India and had shot a rare kind of elk in Prussia; he gave a great deal of time to music and enlarged his library. Though he was now in a position to buy back the old country house of the Mannerheims, he did not return to it. Only a picture of the house hangs in his home. This polished man of the world has never had a sense of money. Even in the Russian days he never had more than his pay. As head of the army during the war, he supplied the pay of other generals out of his own pocket, until this was reported to the Senate, which reimbursed him.

Despite these unmistakable traits of character, Marshal Mannerheim has sometimes been compared with Marshal von Hindenburg. There could not, as a matter of fact, be a greater contrast. On the one hand we have a highly educated aristocrat, a man of the world and a master of the art of politics, speaking six languages, distinguished alike in sports and in discovery. On the other we have a heavy-witted field officer, who on his own admission had never read a nonmilitary book, who never distinguished himself by physical prowess, and who became famous through an error of world history.

The one is a conqueror, the other a conquered general; the one a man who, sometimes treated with contumely, was forever concerned with the welfare of his people, the other a general who irresponsibly protracted the war. The former is a nobleman who remained loyal to his superior officers until their death, and who turned away from their enemies and successors; the latter, at an advanced age, deserted his old flag, accepted the place once occupied by his leader, and finally betrayed both the Kaiser and the republic: the Kaiser because he had sworn eternal allegiance to him and failed in it, the republic because he had sworn to defend its Constitution and in the end delivered it into the hands of an adventurer whom he despised.

THE upshot is that fate has dealt with these two men according to their merits. One of them is forgotten by his people a few years after his death. The other, in his seventy-third year, was called back to leadership in the day of danger. Should he risk his reputation and give up his retirement? The conviction that he understood the situation better than his juniors decided him to do so; and now, quite suddenly, world renown came at last to this old soldier. The name Mannerheim became a byword on five continents.

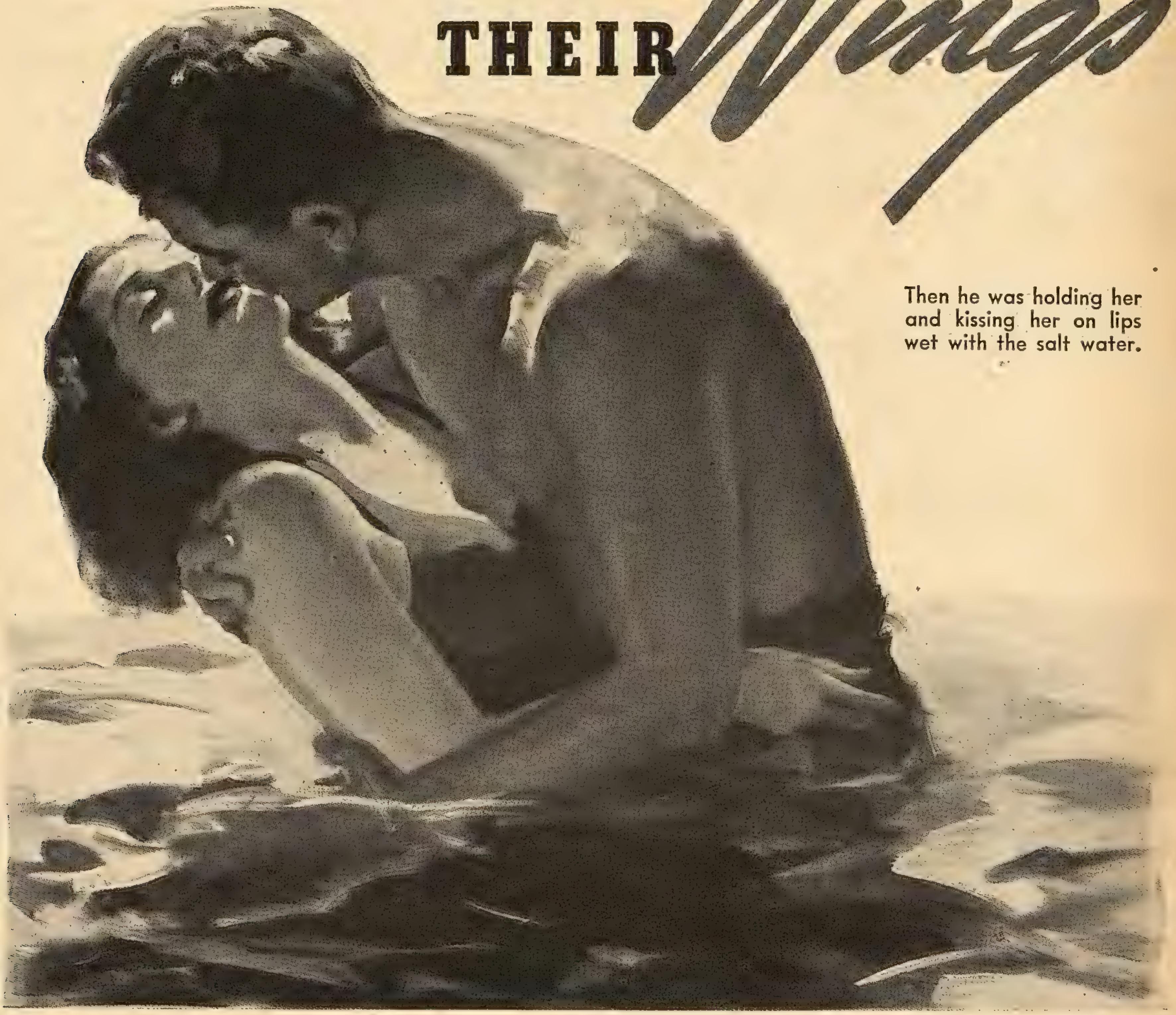
Since everybody despaired, from the very beginning, of his ultimate success, sympathy for him, as for little Finland, was universal. Both appeared as strong in courage as they were weak in resources. The massed strength of the enemy battled for four long months against his men and ice and darkness, and could not down him. But those outsiders who glorified him ultimately left him in the lurch. Everybody donated something, but nobody donated enough. To end the unequal struggle has cost him and his country a tremendous loss in territory and power.

The Marshal has now returned to his house at the port of Helsinki, deeply crushed. He had to give up part of the territory which he had once conquered to the very same nation from which he had taken it; to the very same regime over which he had triumphed. Still, he has joined the rank of military commanders of whom history will tell.

THE END

A rich, human tale of loneliness and the magic of love

THE WIND UNDER THEIR Wings



Then he was holding her and kissing her on lips wet with the salt water.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN HENRY

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

JAMES FENWICK leaned against the bar and, hearing the newsboys starting to shout extras along the street, lost all taste for the drink in his hand. Even before some one brought in a tabloid with the big print screaming that war had started, he knew what it was that had sent the extras onto the street. The mists of drinking cleared from his head and he felt the hard nervous ball form in his belly. The fools have finally done it, he thought. In a few minutes, though, he began to think that there the flying would be good. No long wait for money to make a distance flight, no dependence on a sponsor you didn't like.

Then he began to think of Ellen Briscoe and the tidewater country of southern Maryland, which he had left a long time past because of her. Excitement, any crisis, always made him think of her and her face, never deeply lost in memory.

He looked at the drink and put it down unfinished. Outside he told a cab driver to take him to North Beach Airport. The driver recognized him and was respectful. Fenwick lay back against the cushion and felt tired. He was sick of it, he told himself one more time. Whenever he told himself that, it was always the preliminary to some journey. He'd go home for a while. Perhaps the war would have brought her home from Europe, as it would in time bring him to Europe. About her husband, the Count Galiani, he did not think. He had never seen the count and always had difficulty thinking of him as a personality. About all Fenwick knew was that the count was considerably older than Ellen.

"Here we are, Mr. Fenwick."

He paid the cabby and walked toward the hangars bulking against the lightening sky. In the office they were glad to see him and told him he could take off in a few minutes.

At the slip, he saw again how the heavy engine sank the nose of the little seaplane that was the only tangible possession he had. The water reflected gray light like a mirror; its smooth surface trembled to the roar of the motor. Then he was roaring through it, feeling the pull of the water at the pontoons, then the sudden release, the almost slinging into the air as the plane came free. The plane swung south and a little west. Far off he could see the sun.

Swiftly it came on, and the shape of the Pennsylvania countryside gathered line and pattern out of the shadows. The air-speed indicator said 205. Washington was below him suddenly; then he had picked up the Potomac winding south.

The river widened into a great estuary, and to the east Fenwick began to recognize the shape of his own country—Charles County, then St. Marys County. Chesapeake Bay lay to the east, and, paralleling the wide peninsula, the narrow one of Calvert County lay between the Chesapeake and the Patuxent where that, too, flowed as an estuary into the bay.

The Potomac's outline became familiar—St. Clements Bay, Breton Bay, Leonardtown at its head. Then the narrow creeks and the wide angling shape of Herring Creek. Fenwick circled over the almost landlocked water of the creek and came down outside it on the river. He taxied to one of the sandspits forming the mouth of the creek. Cutting the motor, in the sudden shock of the morning silence he felt a vague shame at the noise he had been creating. Quail were calling in the pine woods, and out on the river he saw the smooth surface ruffle where the rockfish were breaking.

FENWICK jumped ashore and moored the plane to a stump. Even this early it was warm, and he stripped and plunged into the water. The water too was warm in the shallows, and he swam out where it was cooler to avoid sea nettles. Back on the narrow beach, he felt cleansed and fresh again. A Negro was driving an oxcart along the spit of sand, shading his eyes from the sun.

"My lan', Mr. Jim!" he said when he got closer. "See'd the plane come down and figured it was maybe trouble."

"No trouble with the plane," Fenwick said. "How's everything, Johnny?"

"Pretty good, pretty good," Johnny Barnes said. "So long since you come home. Think you never come back!"

"Well, I am," Fenwick said somewhat vaguely.

"Long time gone by since you come here," Johnny said. "Anything go in the cart? Mamie have breakfast ready time we get to the house."

"No; I traveled light. Who's home?"

"Truf is, Mr. Jim, ain't no one home right now. Miss Alice, she gone some place up North, get out of the heat. Mr. Joe, he down South. Some girl, I 'low. Married ones, they ain't been back this summer."

"No one farming the place," Fenwick said, almost to himself.

"The marryin' ones," Johnny said, "they go to live in the city. You go flyin' aroun' the world. House in right fine shape, but ain't no one livin' in it." He turned the oxen homeward. "Mr. Joe, he start to farm the lan' this spring. Hadn't been farmed right since your father died. Mr. Joe, he laid him a tobacco bed up under the edge of those pines in the holler. Never did get the plants set out. . . . Miss Alice, she say she stay aroun' jus' so house is kep' up."

Fenwick kept quiet. After a while Johnny would answer unasked questions. Johnny respected a decent reticence. "That oldes' Briscoe girl," Johnny finally said, "she coming back from Europe. Going get divorce." He sighed in relief. That had been difficult business, well gotten over with.

Shock came and died in Fenwick.

"Her sister name Frances," Johnny went on. "Grow up a right pretty girl."

"The sister," Fenwick said, "I don't remember." He wondered if Ellen were already on the high seas and what danger there would be before her.

Johnny looked worried and talked safely about the weather. They lumbered along the Blake Creek road. On a little rise to the right the house stood, its ends solid brick, two chimneys at each end flush with the wall. The roof of slate came down in a long easy slant and overhung the side walls of the house by seven or eight feet. Narrow pillars supported the roof edge, and where the house was not brick or slate it was painted white. The oxen turned left over the rise to the house. Here rail, there wire fences divided the great fields beyond the house. Along the wire fences grew lines of cedars, from seeds dropped there by the birds. Beyond the lined cedars lay the creek and the Potomac, and the plane resting delicately on the sand like some great shore bird.

"It's good to be back," Fenwick said. Then, as though regretting the remark: "It was well named, though —the house—Folly's Quarters."

"That name was given it a long time ago," Johnny said. "All the houses down here got suchlike names. Clocker's Fancy, Fenwick Free, Rosecroft—"

"And the Manor of Cornwaley's Cross," Fenwick said. He liked the sound of the names.

Johnny's wife, Aunt Mamie Barnes, was in front of the big house, waiting for them. For breakfast she gave him eggs and two-year-old ham and black coffee and fragrant melon. It was years since he had eaten so large a breakfast.

In the built-in cupboard at one end of the square dining room he saw, behind its leaded-glass doors, the rich liquors that had always been in the house: the good Irish whisky; the Maryland rye; the Grand Marnier liqueur, the Benedictine. Lately Fenwick had been doing a little after-breakfast drinking. It made him feel better. But not this morning, he thought. Later, but not now.

Outside, the air was warm and dry despite the nearness of the water. Across the creek he heard a tractor working in a field of late corn. Guinea hens chattered metallically and the young turkeys had a bronze glint.

"Perch biting right smart in de creek," Johnny said. "Trout and hardhead and spot in de river. Too warm yit for much trolling."

"Later," Fenwick said. The sun and the heavy breakfast and the lack of sleep were coming on him in a rush of drowsiness. Everything later. There was peace in this place, and he knew finally how much he had wanted it.

HE went to his old bedroom at the cool north end of the house and fell asleep on the tufted spread. It was strange that he had not known before that he was so tired.

He slept all morning, waking to the sound of voices on the lawn below the window; Johnny's and another, strange one—a woman's. Fenwick splashed in the tub of cool water Johnny had run for him. He put on a shirt and some old white ducks too small in the waist. Outside, Johnny was talking, looking up at a girl in white breeches and shirt, sitting on a black saddle horse. It wasn't a very good horse, but she sat it well, and her face, as it turned to him, was bright and quiet between the short straight hair that framed her cheeks.

The shock came and went in Fenwick. It wasn't Ellen Briscoe but the sister, Frances. As a child she had not looked so like Ellen.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," Fenwick said. "You've grown up."

"We heard you were back. I imagine all the county knows it now."

"Just for a few days," he said. He saw that she was good to look at, the mouth generous, the nose vaguely tilted, the high cheekbones. He wondered if the simple haircut were an affectation.

"That's all we ever see the Fenwicks for any more," she said; "a few days."

"Could Aunt Mamie get us some lunch?" Fenwick asked Johnny.

"Food on de table," Johnny said, and went off to the kitchen to put on a white coat.

"It would be good if you could stay for lunch," Fenwick said to Frances Briscoe.

"Down here it's dinner," she said. "You've been gone a long time."

"I'll be gone a long time again," he said without looking at her. He had grown sullen but knew the remark was childish.

"The county's last legend has returned home," she said, smiling. "I suppose I should stop off, if only to find out for posterity whether the legend has clay feet."

"I can tell you without your getting off the horse. The legend has not only clay feet but a clay head."

She smiled again and slipped from the saddle. Almost as tall as he, she was high-breasted and quietly sure of herself. The sun was overhead and the shadows scant at their feet. The white of her clothing—or was it that? he wondered—was nearly blinding in that sun.

At the table, he said: "I'd always thought of you as a child about twelve. That's what you were when you went to France to school, and I'd gone before you returned home."

"I was away four years," she said. "When I came back you had both gone. Both you and Ellen." She colored. "I'm sorry. I—I've seen just about as little of Ellen as of you—and she is on my mind now. I didn't mean to—to annoy you. But she's on the water, coming home."

"Think nothing of it," he said. "I'm over that a long time."

"They'll—be saying you came home because Ellen is coming."

Anger moved in him, made him lie. "The first I'd heard of Ellen in years was this morning. Johnny said she was coming back from Europe and getting a divorce."

The girl across the table nodded without looking at him. In the county a divorce was still a serious thing. Fenwick saw he had hurt her. He went on almost blindly, angry because no one, not even Johnny, would let him forget that he had once loved Ellen Briscoe to his own shame and hurt. "After the flight," he said, "the first one, the big one—after they'd taken us to Paris from Le Bourget, she tried to look me up at the hotel. She was alone, without her husband—without the count."

The girl sat there, her face gone suddenly immobile, her fingers working slowly. What a heel I am! Fenwick thought. You might tell her you'd have seen Ellen, too, if you hadn't been drunk.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Last night was a bad night. I didn't sleep."

"I know," she said. "It's more than that, too. Something perverse in even good people makes them want to remind a man of his lost love, of perhaps the only humiliation in his life."

He stared at her over the meal they would not finish. "You're pretty smart for a kid," he said.

"Not such a kid," she said. "I'm twenty-three."

"And Ellen—Ellen should be about twenty-nine—no, thirty."

"And you're thirty-one."

"She didn't get along with the count, eh?" he said. "Outside of Washington the count wasn't so hot."

"My! How Handy!"

"A pump right in the kitchen! What'll they think of next? You're a lucky woman, Josephine."

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He was almost believing it was not the thought of Ellen that had really brought him home.

“I don't know. I never liked him, but that's neither here nor there. She'll be home next week.”

“It ought to be easy,” he went on. “No children to complicate the marriage.”

“No,” the girl said, ashamed for her sister. “No children.”

“Next week?” Fenwick said. “I'll be gone, probably, by then. As she comes back from Europe, I go.”

“Why?”

“To fight.”

She nodded without looking at him. “I know that—I mean, why to fight in something that's no concern of yours?”

“Flying is my business,” he said. He felt uncertain. He had not recently spoken of what he called his “philosophy.” “I enjoy it. The thing is—you live for no one except yourself. You don't let any one get to mean too much to you. You live dangerously. If no one means too much to you, no one can hurt you. Since we don't seem to be able to avoid talk of Ellen, you might as well know that it was she—at least, my experience with her—that taught me that.”

He saw Frances Briscoe was unimpressed. The words which had so often sounded profound under soft lights, now seemed childish.

“So you're going to ‘fight for France,’” she said, her voice almost mocking. “You're going to kill a few people against whom you have no personal resentment just so that you can ‘live dangerously’ and demonstrate to an uncaring world that no one ‘means too much to you.’” She forced a smile, as though aware she had been too frank with him.

He was confused and a little angry. “We've got to save the world,” he said.

“If you'd said that at first, instead of the other things,” she said, “I'd be more sure you meant it.”

Fenwick went outside. A midday hush lay on the fields. Scattered on the Potomac lay patches of haze and the warm breeze was light and pleasant. The girl followed him out and stood beside him, switching slowly at one boot with her riding crop. The switching stopped. “You're pretty tired,” she said.

“I was up all night, but I slept some this morning.”

“Not that kind of tired.”

Fenwick didn't answer.

“I'll take the horse home,” she said, “and bring the boat around to that south spit at the creek mouth. We could swim there. We aren't as prosperous as in the days Ellen married the count. We only have one boat now—that old sixteen-footer.”

“It must be old,” he said. “I remember it. I'll see you there in a little while.”

IN the Potomac's varying tides and currents, in the riffles where tide change met river's flow, he found her a better swimmer than himself. Lying on the sand, he talked of the things women had always been interested in, so far as he was concerned: his flights and the people he had known. Frances did not seem impressed.

They fell into a habit of silence that first day. When she said nothing to the story of the first big flight to Le Bourget for which he had been navigator, he said: “You puzzle me. I don't think your indifference is an act.”

“No, it isn't. It just does seem strange that the Fenwicks, who were such a part of the land in St. Marys for literal centuries, should suddenly become wanderers. None as violent as you, but you symbolize them. Time was when there was no richer farm than yours in the county. I remember you driving the tobacco transplanter yourself, fresh from school at College Park. I think your heart was in it then, as it hasn't been in anything else. Then—well, you were forced to leave here. Ellen married the count instead of you, and, like all young romantics, you decided you must go on a great journey, into some dangerous profession. It was all so according to a romantic pattern. You even started to drink—after a while.”

FENWICK felt a flush come into his cheeks. “You know,” he finally said, “I didn't think I'd take that from any one, man or woman.”

“I suppose,” she said, “I am a little out of turn. It's so long since—since we've seen each other, and I was such a child then, that we are like strangers. I shouldn't have spoken so frankly.”

“I'm glad you did,” he said. “I didn't think I was such a source of interest to the county that details of my life would come back to it.”

“Not so many of them; just a few here and there. Enough to follow your—development, just as a few lines on drawing paper suggest very truly and completely a picture.”

“If I'm such a punk,” he said, “why did you come to the house today when you heard I was home?”

“No one said you were that. I remembered you from when you were young here, when I was a little girl. I didn't believe a good deal of what I had heard of you. I—suppose I came over to see how much was true.”

He smiled, for some reason. “And how much of it is true?”

She paused and said: “I don't know. . . . This business of not wanting to like another person too much for fear of being hurt—it's pretty childish. And it's not particularly brave—for one of the transatlantic flyers.”

She walked into the water, picking her way between the pebbles. He watched her go, noting the length of limb, the easy grace of body.

Later, when she was leaving in the little boat, she asked when he was coming to her home. But Fenwick said he didn't know that he would. She nodded, understanding.

“But it would be good if you could come here again tomorrow?”

“I'll try to,” she said simply. He watched her drop downriver toward Piney Point, but she did not turn to wave. Going back to the house, following the wood road, Fenwick felt at once chastened and happy. She's a nice kid, he kept telling himself; an awfully nice kid.

She met him the next day and the one after. That third day they had waded through the warmer water near the shore and were ready to level out and swim in the current where it was cool. Frances had already begun to swim. Slightly ahead of her and floating down on her with the current, Fenwick saw a large sea nettle. He called to her, but she didn't hear. He reached and pulled her upright by an arm. She looked at him, surprised.

“Sea nettle,” he said.

OH—thanks.” She started to turn away, and he wondered why she looked suddenly awkward, and then he saw that he was still holding her arm. Her eyes met his and dropped; and then he was holding her—the water to her shoulders—and kissing her on lips wet with salt water.

“One more scalp at your belt,” she said, and turned and swam out into the stream. She went far out and he followed her. He was a little tired from the unfamiliar exercise. They rested briefly, treading water. “It's late August,” he said. “Sharks come up in the Potomac about now.”

“I forgot,” she said.

The current took them downstream to where the plane still rested. He had anchored it to leeward and to windward, and at high tide it floated free with a minimum of fretting.

“Doesn't the plane get hurt just standing there?” she asked.

“Some,” he said. “If you'd like to, we could go up tomorrow.”

“Ellen comes home tomorrow morning,” she said.

He stood looking out across the river. The country was lovely and he had wanted to see it again, but it was Ellen's memory that had brought him back. Now that he could see her again, he almost feared to do so. The long hurt she had given to him was still strong in his memory. Or was it that? he wondered.

“Tomorrow,” he said, “I'm going to go. It's been very lovely down here, and now I think I'd better go.”

“I had thought you'd returned home partly on the chance of seeing Ellen.”

“I had thought so, too,” he said. “Now it doesn't seem important.”

In their own silence they felt the hush of the river in the evening. The sun sank behind the Nomini cliffs on the Virginia shore, and the quality of the light changed. Last time, Fenwick thought. And soon this place, this hour, and the quietness would be long gone and a dream, like the flight to France, like the forced landing once in a desert. Some new desperation came suddenly to him, and in the paler light he was holding Frances Briscoe again—and now she did not turn away.

“Don't go,” she whispered.

“Now,” Fenwick said, “I must.” No one—nothing—to become too important, he thought again. The mention of Ellen had again made him think of things long gone. He saw from her face that Frances Briscoe understood. Her mouth had lifted a little at one corner, perhaps in scorn; he didn't know. Then she had turned and gone to the little boat up the beach where the tide was already fretting it against the shore.

She didn't start the motor, but let the tide and current, still racing seaward together, carry her downriver. Fenwick watched her a long time. She did not turn or wave. Below Piney Point she started the motor, and the boat disappeared behind the cedars near the shore.

He did not sleep that night. The southwest wind, blowing across the Potomac, was strong enough to make a noise in the eaves. It was summer, but he could think of the ducks coming into a blind on that wind, fast and low and at first hard to see against the Virginia shore.

In the night, in his weariness, Fenwick's thoughts were restless and went away back into the past. He remembered the time long gone, and Ellen Briscoe telling him that the count from the embassy in Washington was, after all, older than he; and how their affair had been just a boy-and-girl one, after all. He wondered now where she had gotten the expressions from; wondered, too, how he had not known then how phony they were. He knew now, but the hurt that had come to him was not gone.

SO he had hurt Frances. Well, that was too bad. Sooner or later they all got hurt. If he stayed here to let his own love for her increase . . . well, he just couldn't risk it. After all, who was she, who was any one, to him? He remembered Ellen's words: “I hardly think I'd care to marry a farmer, anyway.” So he had become a flyer.

Fenwick hated himself. Part of him sensed that the more he thought, the more hateful he would be; also, the more foolish. The time had come to go. To go now.

He rose and dressed. The first light was in the sky as he rowed downcreek to the plane. From pale blue the light that colored the sand and water changed almost abruptly to red. A squall today, he thought.

Fenwick pulled the tarpaulin off the motor. Checking it, checking the struts and braces, he found several hours' work to be done. It was hot by nine o'clock. When he finished he was weak from not having eaten. He rowed slowly back to the house and ate breakfast. He lay down for a few minutes. He could be in New York in an hour or so; he could sail a few days later.

The phone rang: the ring the house had had for years, since phones had

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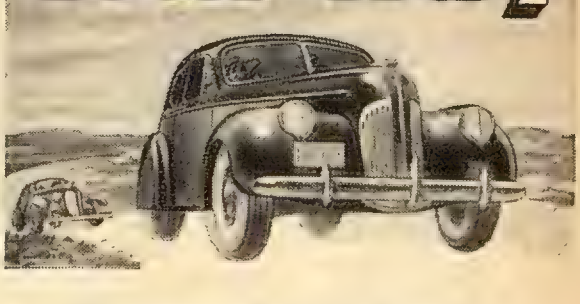

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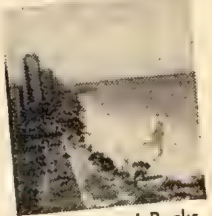

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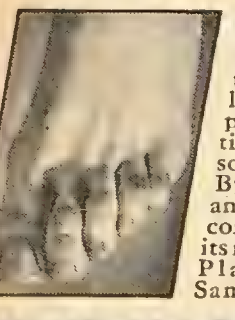

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first come to the county—one long, one short. Fenwick answered. His body remembered the voice and was tense before his brain knew who was talking.

"Long time no see, Jimmy," Ellen Briscoe bantered. "So curious we both came home the same time."

"Just an accident," he said.

"You're not terribly gallant."

"I guess not," he said.

She paused. "We'd like to see you this afternoon. There'll be one or two people down from Washington for lunch."

"I'm flying back to New York in an hour or so."

"We were going out on the river after lunch. I thought you might like to come. You know it so well."

"I wouldn't go if I were you," he said. "There's going to be a squall."

"But you're going to fly," she said.

"That," he said, "is the way it is."

He hung up. The remark did not make him feel pleasantly irresponsible, as it should have. He wanted a drink. As he opened the leaded-glass door of the cupboard, he realized he had not had a drink since returning home. For some reason obscure at the moment, he closed the cupboard.

There were small things to be done before he left.

IT was midafternoon before he was in the oxcart again, driving to the beach. Behind Virginia clouds were piling up and the wind had freshened suddenly.

"Bad day foh flying, ain't it, Mr. Jim?" Johnny said.

"I'll get over on top of it," Fenwick said.

"Boat on de riber," Johnny said. "Bad time be out. Look like Briscoes'."

Fenwick didn't answer. Wind whined in the struts as he climbed into the cockpit. When the rain came, it struck like pebbles. On the shore, Johnny called and moved an arm, but Fenwick couldn't hear him. They had turned the plane, and Fenwick, seeing the waves mount in the middle of the river, gunned the warmed-up motor to take off in the shallows where it was still comparatively calm.

Aloft, he circled once, scanning the horizon for some break in the storm. There was none. It was more than a squall, he saw. Below him the river was torn by wind from shore to shore. The exhilaration of flying filled him—the prospect of the swing north through storm. And then France.

Then Fenwick saw it, almost directly below him as he banked. The little sixteen-footer of the Briscoes was in the trough of the waves, and he wondered why they didn't start the motor and get going to the shelter of Piney Point or the St. Marys River. The old motor wouldn't turn over, he guessed. They'll get it all right, he told himself, and turned the plane north. Looking again, he saw a wave smash broadside against the boat. Without his having willed it, the plane was circling again.

They're all right, something in him said. They weren't all right, he thought. *To hell with them. She walked all over you once. Let her get a wetting."*

More than a wetting. *You'll wreck the plane, landing in that. You couldn't get a rope to them in that kind of water."*

He felt the sweat break out on him. He saw that some part of him, some reflex perhaps, had already brought the plane down to within a hundred feet of the water. About him the storm broke, the clouds even parting enough for sun to shine briefly through. He saw the water level out in a strip a quarter mile wide and running from shore to shore. Along the strip he saw the wind coming again, in its steady push from the southwest, and in a sudden strange effort that seemed to involve his mind more than his body he saw that he was coming down into the wind and onto the strip of water yet windless.

The water was rougher than he had thought it would be. He struck with a sudden shock that threw him against the instrument panel. Dazed, he watched the wind and rain sweeping toward him from the Virginia shore. He heard voices but no words. Gradually he could see the little boat above him in the river, coming down with the tide on a diagonal. There was half a foot of water in it, he saw. The motor couldn't work. Ellen Briscoe and a strange man were huddled in the waist of the boat, and Frances, her clothes stuck to her skin, was calling to him, a rope in her hand.

Moving heavily, as though through water, he worked his controls, throttled the motor even more, and swung toward the boat. The rope snaked through the air, landing across the cockpit. He seized it, was able to make two turns around a cleat on the body of the plane—and then had a definite feeling that the world had ended. The wind struck and the plane heeled over. The rope slipped around the cleat; his palm was suddenly full of hempen splinters and the metal body of the plane creaked once under the strain.

GRADUALLY some of the pressure eased. He took two more turns around the cleat. Water was breaking over the plane. He hoped it wouldn't get the motor. By turning the plane a little more, he saw that the body would act as a breakwater for the motor. Then he looked up to see if they were ready on the boat. Frances hadn't secured the rope end. She was clinging to it now, her body half out of the boat.

"Grab her!" he screamed to Ellen. But she and the man seemed paralyzed. He turned the plane upstream a little, taking the pressure off the rope. As Frances hitched herself back into the boat, a wave broke against it. One more broadside like that, he thought, and there'll be too much water in her for me to tow her.

He headed toward shore. The pressure came onto the rope; again the plane's body creaked. The little boat came about, stern to the wind. Frances waved an arm to indicate she had fastened the rope. Fenwick squinted to see the Maryland shore. He couldn't, but he drove for it. The motor roared, and he had a sense of unreality from the plane moving so slowly with the motor turning over so fast. The plane dipped and bucked. If it dipped enough and the propeller struck the water, he knew the blades would shear off. With the plane helpless, both it and the boat would be swamped.

He did not know that the rain had partly changed to hail as big as marbles.

Water broke into the cockpit, and once the motor faltered before resuming its steady roar. The quality of his consciousness seemed to vary; was hazy, like the curtains of rain that swept around him. Through the vagueness flashed occasionally a red streak of anger that Frances had had to handle the rope; that Ellen, and particularly the man with her, had been so useless.

He didn't know whether he heard surf or not. Eventually, he knew, they must run into it. In a moment of sudden clarity he saw what the surf would do to the plane—could see the towed boat piling up across the delicate fuselage and engine that represented all he owned.

He reached for the knife he always kept handy in the cockpit. Then his hand opened and let the knife drop. I must be crazy, he thought, thinking a thing is more important than people!

He didn't know that he was trembling, and too late he felt the motion of the plane change and knew they were in surf. Trees went by in the rain, and he felt he must be unconscious and dreaming. The wind had pushed the river a hundred yards above high water, but Fenwick didn't realize this. There was a sharp *ping* as the propeller sheared off on a cedar stump and Fenwick was thrown heavily against the instrument panel.

Something, he thought—something I could have done in the surf. But he knew there was nothing that could have made it safer. He had deliberately driven into it to get to the shore and possible safety.

He had turned automatically, knowing what was coming, and was half out of the cockpit when he saw the Briscoes' boat, on a wave, coming down across the plane. Fenwick rolled sidewise into the water. The wave broke in thunder around him, and then he was standing in water not quite up to his shoulders. Frances had jumped from the boat. Ellen and the man had been thrown from it into the water. Waves broke over them, and he saw Frances take Ellen's arm.

Fenwick could notice, even now, how heavy Ellen's make-up seemed against her paleness. Roughly he took the man by the arm from where he floundered in the water and half dragged him toward the shore.

Almost abruptly the wind died, the muddy water receding sharply from the land. Lumbering through mud came the oxcart with Johnny Barnes in it. Fenwick forgot about the man he had been dragging and began to laugh.

"In the clutch," he said, "the cart's the only thing worth a damn." It wasn't quite the truth, but it was the expression of an attitude.

"At least, it's the only thing left," Ellen Briscoe said. She recovered quickly, and now, Fenwick saw, was being brave-young-girl-undaunted-by-danger. Fenwick turned to Frances, her hair and clothes plastered to her, a smudge of engine grease across one cheek. "You all right?" he said.

She nodded. I love you very much, her eyes said. Fenwick turned away to where Ellen stood. Her mere presence, he discovered, was no longer the shock to him it had once been. Something in the face was there that he didn't recognize; something another might have called hardness.

"Who," Fenwick said, "is your friend?" He indicated the slight man sitting on the sand, his mustache a black mark on his face.

"Oh, I forgot," Ellen said. "You've never met the count."

She introduced them, and the count jerked his head and looked away. "I thought you were getting a divorce," Fenwick said to Ellen in a lowered voice.

She shrugged and didn't look at him. "Oh, it's a perfectly friendly one. . . . It's more difficult to get one in the count's country than here. . . . And then, he knew there was going to be a war . . ."

"How lovely," Fenwick said almost to himself. He turned to Frances. "You feel well enough to go back to the house?"

She nodded.

We were going to Washington tonight," Ellen said, her voice risen almost to shrillness. "We'd love you to come along, Jimmy."

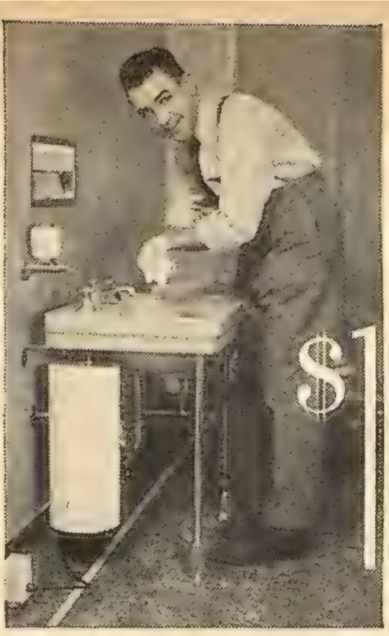
Fenwick wanted to say something about what a jolly little threesome they'd make, but he let it go. "You weren't going, were you?" he said to Frances. She shook her head, again ashamed for her sister. Fenwick turned to Ellen. "I won't go either, then," he said.

"Still a farmer at heart," Ellen said brightly.

He nodded. "I suppose."

He looked at the plane. The motor might be salvaged. It occurred to him he could get enough for it, even as it was, to get a tractor. And he knew he was going to stay home. At least one person meant something to him. He was going to stay around these parts and see what could be done about it.

THE END



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Questions everywhere! How will it end? . . A harried American speaks his mind

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IT was a red-hot day in Singapore, or Batavia, or Manila. I don't remember which place—they were all hot—but there was a galvanized-iron shed, and a uniformed young man taking his time with a long line of sweating, swearing tourists. This official sat at a table heaped with papers, and, when I reached him, began asking the usual questions and setting down my replies. "Profession?"

"Well," I replied, with a faint effort at humor, "I think I'm an author, but the opinion isn't unanimous."

"What do you write?"

"Books and plays and lectures and a good deal for magazines."

"What magazines?"

I recalled a dozen, and he noted them all. Then he said, "I never heard of those magazines. Can you mention a few more?"

I mentioned practically every periodical published in the United States, regardless of whether their editors had ever heard of me or not. It was quite useless. The young man's obliviousness covered the field. However, he made up what, in the end, must have been a fairly complete catalogue, and finally decided to take a chance and let me enter the country.

Next day I left it. The young man was still in the shed. "What's your profession?" he asked me.

"I'm an author."

"What do you write?"

"Books and plays and lectures and a good deal for magazines."

"What magazines?"

"I gave you the names yesterday," I said, "and you made a list. Do we have to do it all over again?"

He looked at me in bewilderment.

"I made a list, as the law requires," he answered, "but I haven't the faintest idea where it is now. We don't *keep* these records."

Of course they don't. Nobody does. If any business or government retained a thousandth part of the statistics gathered nowadays, it would require more files than have ever been made, and armies of clerks to assort the records and put them away. And, once put away, no one would ever take them out again, because that would require additional armies and serve no useful purpose. Nobody on earth could possibly be interested in the answers to these millions and billions and trillions of questions. Most of them are too utterly foolish.

Last spring I needed a rest. I chose the West Indies, because no passports were necessary. My bill from the tourist agency included charges for permission to land wherever I expected to set foot on shore for ten minutes. The night before sailing, I discovered that I had to give the answers to thirty questions on my steamship ticket.

Once aboard, I sank back in my stateroom. Peace! A hammering on the door. The steward. Would I fill out this list of inquiries for the authorities at the first port? Also this declaration of nationality? Born? And, if so, when, where, and why? Color of eyes, skin, and underwear? Native citizen or naturalized? If so, how much? Was father a native citizen or naturalized? Color of his eyes, skin, and underwear? Two days later I was making out a customs declaration. Date of last sailing? Vessel? Port . . . or sherry?

In Hong Kong, once, I filled out a long questionnaire for the police, and, after my departure, learned that I couldn't depart until I'd presented myself "in person." In Havana a foreign consul leaned back in his chair and told me he couldn't stamp my passport till tomorrow. If I wanted it now, there would be an extra charge of two dollars. In New York another consul stamped another passport without even turning it over to learn my name. "What's the use?" I asked. "You don't know whether I'm a criminal or a spy."

The man smiled.

"Did you ask, 'What's the use?'" he said. "Well, last year, in this little room, we took in $180,000."

That's *one* advantage of the system. Another is that it provides for more hundreds of thousands of voting citizens. Many of them would have to work if they weren't lounging in easy chairs and asking questions and smacking bits of paper with rubber stamps. And they wouldn't be wearing uniforms or feeling important or empowered to bulldoze and browbeat the people who pay their salaries. One has to be somewhere near my age to recall a blissful time when the chap who wanted to go anywhere simply went. There didn't seem to be much more spying and agitating in those days than in these.

"Well, why do you want to wander about the globe?" you may query. "Why not remain where you belong, and at peace?" How do you get that way? I'm at home now, with this week's questionnaires piled on my desk. Next week I've got to take a day off to fill in the answers.

First, there's a sheet from somebody conducting a pool of national opinion:

WHAT IS YOUR ATTITUDE WITH REGARD TO:
(*a*) The third term?
(*b*) The fourth dimension?
(*c*) The seventh commandment?

Sunday afternoon, in pajamas, I was floating on air as the strains of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony came over the radio. The phone rang. "Are you listening to a broadcast now? What broadcast? Do you listen at this hour every Sunday?" Of all the nerve! That's recorded too, I suppose, and eventually you become part of the 2.0017 per cent of the radio-rated population addicted to Blitzer's Beef Stew Hour.

If you read a book, you find therein a card, "We pay the postage," and how kind of them! "Why did you buy this book?" (On the last card

I wrote, "Heaven knows!") Nothing is sacred, and Irvin Cobb's famous simile, "No more privacy than a goldfish," becomes "No more privacy than the once-private citizen."

When it comes to government—this or any other government—the smallest affair could be broadcast as a new edition of Information Please. Try to post a parcel without telling the gentleman at the window what's in it. Some time ago, a letter I'd mailed disappeared, and, foolishly, I reported the fact. My brief and carefully worded account was returned to me with a form that had to be sent instead. The form asked twenty-two questions. One of them was "Contents of the letter?" That particular epistle happened to have been from my daughter to a girl acquaintance who wanted to know what to do for a kitten that was having stomach trouble, and I hope it interested the Postmaster General.

They will want to know how often you kiss your wife.

So far as I know, invasion of our privacy by the government began with the enactment of the income tax in 1913. A man's business became every one's business when he had to report where he got that two dollars, and why he spent sixty cents of it on note pads. It wasn't long before state and federal agents were dropping in to look over our books and papers.

The United States Supreme Court had said, "Of all the rights of the citizen, few are of greater importance than the exemption of his private affairs, books, and papers from the scrutiny of others." And again, "Constitutional liberty and security forbid all invasions on the part of the government and its employees of the sanctity of a man's home and the privacy of his life."

So what? A revenue agent looked up from the accounts of a certain rich friend of mine and remarked, "You spend too much money. What right have you to pay rent that's more than treble the average man's salary?" Another said to a celebrated author who had been required to make four futile visits to headquarters, "If you had to talk to as many dull people as we do, when you came to the name of somebody interesting, you'd send for him, too."

Of course this author could have protested to Washington, or somewhere, that nothing in the law compelled him to meet the social needs of its representatives, but I doubt that it would have smoothed his path in the future. These agents abused their powers, but when you let down the bars to invasion, it becomes difficult to assure the proper conduct of every invader.

In the beginning, income-tax information was supposed to be confidential. What followed, of course, was the publication of all salaries and emoluments large enough to concern extortionists, lawful and otherwise, and a substantial segment of the general public. Your servants knew to a penny what you had earned last year, and the people with whom you did business were governed accordingly.

Death is an automatic search warrant. I shall never forget the state tax appraiser who sat beside the trunk of my deceased Aunt Emma, lifting out her small belongings one by one, and writing, "Shawl (badly worn), value $6. Imitation coral necklace, 50¢."

IF you retain an unviolated inner shrine in your heart, mind, or life, there's no telling when some congressional investigation or administrative board will drop in to drag out its contents. Everybody was horrified when the Black Committee seized copies of all the telegrams sent to certain prominent men; but that didn't prevent the messages being read and, in some cases, published.

Trade secrets, business procedure, labor relations, and your opinion on almost every subject may be headlines in tomorrow's newspaper. We have seen the government inquiring into and regulating how much grain and how many pigs the farmer may raise, and every aspect of "trade practice." That, perhaps, is a partisan subject, but there is no partisanship in saying that everywhere, and under every government, the citizen's most private affairs have become matters of public knowledge.

If this is the situation in the land of the free, with its history of rebellion against such encroachments, and its Bill of Rights and decisions of the Supreme Court, what must be the prying and reporting and recording in countries at war or those under dictatorships? We know a good deal about that, of course, but even here the thirst for information about the citizen, the habit of regarding him as a statistic, the wish to move him into a glass house and then turn on the spotlight, is becoming a mania.

The federal census takers who began in April called on you with lists of 299 questions, for declining to give the answers to which you might have been fined $100, imprisoned for sixty days, or both. This is almost double the number asked in any preceding census. Some 120,000 visitors knocked at our front doors, barged into our parlors, and asked us our names, sex, age, race, nativity, occupations, and wages. They inquired whether we had been married more than once, and the number of children. Also the cost of our houses, when built, number of rooms, toilet facilities, and whether in need of repairs. Is your refrigerator mechanical, and do you cook over wood, coal, gas, or oil? Is the place mortgaged, for how much, and at what rate of interest? How many days did you work last year, if not why not, and have you a radio?

FROM here to the ultimate is only a step. It's my guess that, by the census of 1950, the lady or gentleman representing the government will be spending the week-end with you and looking under the bed to see whether you use a vacuum cleaner. They will want to know whether you shave in the morning or evening, how often you kiss your wife, whether you like parsnips, and are you allergic to anything except bureaucrats.

Why they should want to know these things is beyond me, and what will become of the information. Two hundred and ninety-nine questions and answers, averaging 100 words each, multiplied by 132,000,000 population, comes to about 8,000 billion words, or 158,400,000 volumes the size of the average novel. This is about eighty-eight times the number of volumes in the Library of Congress. If a man can scan 300 words a minute, it would take a million men sixty eight-hour days to read the records of this census alone, without regard to the other millions of records being kept everywhere.

Maybe I'm wrong, but my deepest conviction is that all these gatherers of public and private statistics are like the official under that galvanized-iron shed who *didn't* keep them, or like Chester Bailey Fernald's Infinitesimal James, who had nine unpronounceable names; "He wrote them all down, with a mortified frown, and threw the whole lot in the flames."

THE END

HOLLYWOOD Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY WILLIAM C. DE MILLE

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct	Excellent
30 Correct	Good
25 Correct	Fair
20 Correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—Who was the first American actor of prominence to appear in motion pictures?

2—Who are Gladys Smith, Lucille Le Sueur, and Ruby Stevens?

3—What actor, now a famous star, supported the late Marie Dressler in Tillie's Punctured Romance? (1914.)

4—Under what title was The Birth of a Nation first released?

5—Who was the first great actress to appear in a feature picture?

6—Who was the first director whose name became a box-office attraction?

7—What three directors whose first name is Frank have each won the Academy Award at least twice?

8—Name five male stars popular in the United States who were born in England.

9—Which four Metropolitan Opera stars became stars of talking pictures?

10—Approximately how many tickets to the movies are sold in the United States every week?

11—Name four works of Charles Dickens which have been made into talking pictures.

12—Name four plays of Shakespeare in talking pictures.

13—What picture from a stage play had famous English poets as hero and heroine?

14—Give the names of seven sets of brothers who have been prominent in motion pictures.

15—What is Greta Garbo's real name?

16—Name six epic pictures dealing with the winning of the West.

17—What is the nickname of the Academy Award statuette?

18—What actresses were first associated with the following terms for glamour: (*a*) Vamp; (*b*) S. A. (sex appeal); (*c*) It; (*d*) Oomph?

19—What great producer was known as the "Boy Wonder"?

20—Who played the Little Colonel in The Birth of a Nation?

21—What was the first "super-picture" (eight reels) made in the United States?

22—Which was the first large theater built exclusively for pictures in the United States?

23—Which director was known for his bigger and better bathtubs?

24—Three male stars or featured players have the same last names as three Presidents of the United States. Who are they?

25—Name three female stars or featured players who have the same last names as three Presidents of the United States.

26—Who is the most wooden actor on the screen?

27—Name stars of the modern American screen born in each of the following countries: (*a*) Germany; (*b*) France; (*c*) Italy; (*d*) Canada; (*e*) Ireland; (*f*) Denmark; (*g*) Austria; (*h*) Russia; (*i*) Australia.

28—What star's last name suggests a place of worship?

29—What authors wrote the books from which the following motion pictures were taken: (*a*) Wuthering Heights; (*b*) Gulliver's Travels; (*c*) The Hunchback of Notre Dame?

30—What pictures released in 1939 were taken from books by the following authors: (*a*) Mark Twain; (*b*) Arthur Conan Doyle; (*c*) Frances Hodgson Burnett?

31—Name four recent war pictures laid in (*a*) Mexico; (*b*) United States of America; (*c*) Africa; (*d*) Belgium.

32—What are the professional names of (*a*) Mrs. Clark Gable; (*b*) Mrs. Robert Taylor; (*c*) Mrs. Brian Aherne; (*d*) Mrs. Artie Shaw; (*e*) Mrs. Tyrone Power?

33—What are the married names of (*a*) Myrna Loy; (*b*) Claudette Colbert; (*c*) Irene Dunne; (*d*) Virginia Bruce; (*e*) Jeanette MacDonald?

34—Can you name two screen favorites of whom no other stars are jealous?

35—In what four big successes was Nature the villain?

36—What recent pictures were based on biographies of (*a*) an explorer; (*b*) an inventor; (*c*) a doctor; (*d*) a composer; (*e*) a bandit?

37—What star was voted by exhibitors the biggest box-office attraction in 1939?

38—What is the difference between the "billing" of a star and a featured player?

39—Who were the original four artists of United Artists?

40—In taking pictures in slow motion, does the film pass through the camera at a slower speed than normal?

(*Answers will be found on page 59*)

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM MAKES GOOD

Hollywood gives you a dog in a title role—and a horse for heart interest

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE BISCUIT EATER

THE PLAYERS: Billy Lee, Cordell Hickman, Helene Millard, Richard Lane, Lester Matthews, Snowflake, William Russell, Earl Johnson. Screen play by Stuart Anthony and Lillie Hayward, based on a story by James Street. Directed by Stuart Heisler. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 82 minutes.

A CURIOUSLY gentle, human little drama of two boys and a dog. The background is a Georgia plantation where prize hunting hounds are raised. One of the lads is the plantation manager's son; the other is his pal, a tiny colored boy. The dog is the despised runt of a prize litter, but the boy, Lonnie, adopts him, trains him, and slowly turns the rejected canine into a thoroughbred. Then Lonnie enters the dog in the Grand National field trials. But I will not tell you what happens then. It isn't what you expect, anyway.

You will have to go all the way back to King Vidor's early silent films, such as The Jack Knife Man, to find anything quite to match this in gentleness. Director Stuart Heisler has caught the feeling of the Georgia fields and swamps, he has captured some of the surprises and heartaches of boyhood. All this is slender, even tenuous. Yet it has charm and tenderness, and the two little boys—Billy Lee as Lonnie and Cordell Hickman as his darky pal—are completely real most of the time.

But maybe you don't like little boys and puppies.

VITAL STATISTICS: A "biscuit eater" is a pup with bad traits, such as a propensity for robbing chicken coops of eggs. . . . Billy Lee has been with Paramount for six of his eight years. Went to the Meglin School for Stage Children, made his film debut with Randolph Scott in Wagon Wheels. Was in some of the Our Gang comedies. Can dance, sing, act, ride, and play the drums like a juvenile Krupa. Just acts here,

Irina Baronova as the ballerina in Florian. In circle, Robert Young and Helen Gilbert with the white Lippizan stallion from which the picture takes its name.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

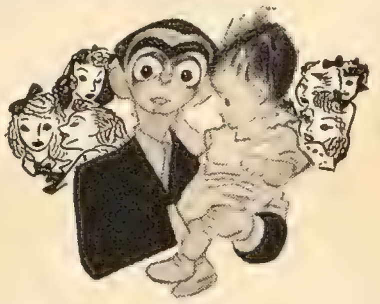
The greatest star of the screen!

JOIN IN THE MAYPOLE DANCE.

There is a numerical feeling about the goodies in store in the merry month. There are a lot of little mothers (40) and a lot of mules, (20).

★ ★ ★ ★

To be specific, the first offering of May is FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS, starring Eddie Cantor and tot.



This unquestionably is Mr. Cantor's masterpiece. It is unique. It has been previewed and proven. Its laugh-provoking qualities suggest that we describe it as The Roaring Forty Little Mothers.

★ ★ ★ ★

The second photoplay that has the dynamic approach is 20 MULE TEAM, starring Wallace Beery.

★ ★ ★ ★

This one has the kick of twenty mules.

Then of course, there's EDISON THE MAN starring Spencer Tracy, the star of stars. This is a dramatic contribution that will measure up with the great films of all time.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the final gesture in May will be WATERLOO BRIDGE. Based on the play by Robert Sherwood, it is directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sometime ago, in England, M-G-M made a picture starring Robert Taylor called "A Yank at Oxford". In it was displayed the early talent of a girl named Vivien Leigh.

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, Vivien "Scarlett" Leigh is co-starring with Robert Taylor in WATERLOO BRIDGE. This is news. This is excitement. Will she again win the Academy Award?

★ ★ ★ ★

May is one of M-G-M's Twelve Months.

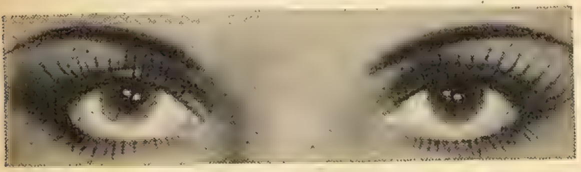
—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

Brush Away Gray Hair ..and Look 10 Years Younger

• Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

VACATIONISTS

Don't worry about where to spend your VACATION. Get our listing of over 2,000 VACATION places. Alphabetically arranged $1.00. Travel Dept. 1, Excel Service Club, P.O. Box 1515, Memphis, Tenn.

praise be. . . . Stuart Heisler shot the picture at Albany, Georgia, on the edge of the sleepy Southern town in the heart of the savannas. Georgia's Governor Rivers visited the company on location. . . . Richard Lane, who does the plantation manager, came to films from Broadway musicals. Born in a Wisconsin hamlet named Rice Lake, ran away to join a stock company, served in the first World War, wounded twice. . . . That pointer, Promise, is played by a thoroughbred Arkwright, bought by Paramount in England for $500, shipped to Hollywood with his pedigree. Screen tested, trained by Hollywood's canine expert Earl Johnson—then on to Georgia.

★ ★½ FLORIAN

THE PLAYERS: Robert Young, Helen Gilbert, Charles Coburn, Lee Bowman, Reginald Owen, Lucile Watson, Irina Baronova, Rand Brooks, Soke Sakall, William B. Davidson, George Lloyd, George Irving, Charles Judels, Dick Elliott, Adrian Morris, Jack Joyce. Screen play by Noel Langley, Geza Herczeg, and James Kevin McGuinness, based on Felix Salten's novel. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 83 minutes.

THIS Felix Salten yarn of the Emperor Francis Joseph's royal stables takes place amid the decadence of Austria-Hungary's crumbling empire, was written by the Viennese who created that nature classic for children, Bambi. Actually it is a story of a young horse trainer and a royal princess. The emperor plans for the girl to wed a reckless young archduke who is in love with a lovely violent-tempered ballerina of the royal ballet; but—comes the war and the revolution. Our hero's favorite stallion is shunted about by the conflict, is sold to a Coney Island showman, ends up behind a junk wagon. But the lad traces the horse to America, finds him—and the princess, who has shifted for herself during the long equine search, turns up for a happy finale.

All this wavers between the story of a horse and the romance of a princess and a commoner; falls between the two. Nor does the background of the dying Hapsburg empire assume more than a mild valentine charm.

Pretty dull most of the way.

VITAL STATISTICS: The author of Florian, Felix Salten, now in his seventies, was a distinguished Viennese journalist after climbing out of a childhood of abject poverty. Now a victim of Nazi persecution, he lives in exile in Switzerland. Florian was suggested by the disappearance of the Duchess Louise, daughter of King Leopold of Belgium. She was wed to the Duke of Coburg; vanished. Really was in love with her riding instructor. Later both lovers escaped from imprisonment, lived happily ever after. . . . Cameraman Richard Rosson, filming Lippizan horses in Austria, was arrested by Nazi police after the Austrian occupation by the Germans. Held for a month on suspicion of being a spy, cleared, allowed to return with his film. The only Lippizans in this country were imported by producer Winfield Sheehan, at his breeding farm in Hidden Valley, California. . . . Lippizans were first bred in Lippiza, used by Hapsburg rulers as war horses about 1500. Down through the years the breed was perfected. Maria Theresa rode one. Four Lippizans were presented to the idol of Vienna, Maria Jeritza, the opera star who married producer Sheehan. Colts are born black, gradually change color, at four or five years are milk white. . . . Irina Baronova, the dancing menace of the yarn, has been a principal dancer of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe. Born in old St. Petersburg, father an officer in the Imperial navy. . . . Helen Gilbert hails from Warren, Ohio. Got her first movie break as the dramatics teacher in Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever.

★ ★ IT ALL CAME TRUE

THE PLAYERS: Ann Sheridan, Jeffrey Lynn, Humphrey Bogart, ZaSu Pitts, Una O'Connor, Jessie Busley, John Litel, Grant Mitchell, Felix Bressart, Charles Judels, Brandon Tynan, Howard Hickman, Herbert Vigran. Screen play by Michael Fessier and Lawrence Kimble, based on the story by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Produced by Warners. Running time, 97 minutes.

A MELODRAMATIC comedy of a brownstone front on a New York side street wherein the one-time cook and maid of a wealthy woman long dead, having inherited the building, maintain a boardinghouse. To the place, with its motley gathering of boarders, comes a tough gangster who has the song-writing son of the ex-maid in his power. Also comes the ex-cook's pretty daughter, now out of a torch-singing job and broke.

The gunman gets bored with his hide-out, decides to transform it into a night club. Boy and girl become the stars, the elderly boarders contribute their bits, and the club, called The Gay Nineties, is an instant success.

You'll probably like Ann Sheridan as the hot-tempered, torrid rumba-dancing daughter of the household. The comedy is entirely too long, except for the Oomph Girl's rumba.

VITAL STATISTICS: Here Ann Sheridan croons two tunes, one being the rumba called The Gaucho Serenade. She's just been given a new Warner contract, by the way. . . . It was Theodore, of the Dancing Theodores, who taught Ann the rumba. Theodore says she's the No. 1 rumba gal of Hollywood, and he ought to know, because he has taught 'em all, from Ginger Rogers to Dottie Lamour. . . . Jeffrey Lynn's real moniker is Ragnar Godfrey Lind. Dropped Ragnar so he wouldn't be called Rags. Once was a doorman at a Manhattan movie theater.

Short Review:

★ BEYOND TOMORROW (RKO Radio). A sentimental offering in which three elderly business men adopt a pretty young nurse and a handsome Texan, are killed in a plane crash, and, as benevolent spirits, try to guide the romance of the boy and girl. Starts out well, but lapses into saccharine bathos. Harry Carey, C. Aubrey Smith, and Charles Winninger play the altruistic shades.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex.

★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage.

★★★—It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade.

HOW TO FIND A BETTER JOB

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

It's an uphill climb —but if you have the will, here's the way

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

YOU have a job which is so-so and no better. You want a better one. Well, then, try everything I shall suggest. Remember what I've told you: to open Dame Fortune's safe, you must know the entire combination. Knowing four out of five turns of the wheel on the safe lock is not a whit better than knowing nothing. It's all or none again.

Do you understand what you're up against? I doubt it. Do you know, for example, that out of the first thousand people you might count as you stand on any busy street corner, about 350 are barely keeping alive, and that most of them do so by living on relief?

About 500 more enjoy the simple comforts but absolutely no luxuries.

About 130 more enjoy many modest luxuries as well as all the comforts and necessities of life.

Only 20 are rich enough to enjoy most luxuries, such as new cars every three years, travel, entertaining friends every week or two, and so on; but not one in the thousand can afford the grand luxuries of yachts, country estates, private airplanes, and so on.

So what? Just this. Few people ever get jobs which lift them into the upper income brackets. Make no mistake. When somebody says that there's always room at the top, don't be deceived. He is right in one sense, all wrong in another. The few places at the top are very hard to fill—and always will be, simply because they call for rare combinations of abilities, knowledge, and character. This doesn't mean that there are many places at the top, does it? It merely means that, *as you work up the scale of careers, fewer and fewer people qualify for each position.*

Most jobs, having been designed for average or for below-average workers, naturally draw only average wages or less. (Nobody can ever change that, except by changing the jobs; and how change them?) Many people who rise to incomes that buy luxuries make a large part of their money from other sources than the day's work. For instance, most professional people (as I once proved in a long and very dry statistical study) get from one quarter to one half of their incomes from inheritances, from lucky investments of savings, and from insurance money left to them or earned by them on some term-endowment basis. Most doctors earn from their medical practice about the same as a good foreman in any building trade or on any railroad gets. Lawyers, outside of those in four or five big cities, do no better. So cheer up! (Unless you happen to be a doctor or a lawyer.)

Only twenty out of a thousand are rich enough to enjoy most luxuries.

You might as well know the worst at once. Why kid ourselves? A mountain peak is so small! It has little room for the people who dwell in the valleys below. So with life. The high places glitter and lure us toward them. But, as we climb, how steep the grade and how small the standing room!

The whole wide world over, people are buying less and less. Buying power drops simply because fewer people are creating new useful wealth, while more people are destroying the old wealth. The few who have money are afraid to spend it. What will tomorrow bring? Nobody knows; let's sit tight!

What has this to do with you who seek better jobs? Isn't it all too plain? Better jobs bring higher pay. But people are spending less, and spending that less more cautiously than ever before. Everybody wants to live better on less—better on less money, and on less time and energy. So engineers devise finer machines to turn out more goods at lower cost; and so we see right now the output of goods from American factories is higher by 20 per cent than ten years ago, while the number of factory workers is *about one million fewer!* This is official, not my guess. Read government reports and weep.

Fewer farmers raise our crops. Fewer lumbermen produce wood for homes. Fewer bookkeepers find work because business machines are coming in fast. Fewer newspaper workers find good prospects, for a dozen amazing machines have lately been reducing the number of well paid reporters, editors, and correspondents. In most cities men of ten years' experience get less than a fair carpenter gets.

See how it is that we know how many people are on the verge of starvation, and how few enjoy luxuries? These are government statistics, nothing more, nothing less. Among the 130 persons in every 1,000 enjoying all necessities, most comforts, and some of the cheaper luxuries, perhaps 100 earn all they get. Which means that you have about one chance in ten of living as well as they do on your job earnings.

WHAT must you do? Why, just do your utmost to become one of the upper ten. The upper ten are the ten in every hundred workers who excel the other ninety so clearly that they get all the top-money jobs.

Aim to be more skillful than nine out of every ten in your field.

Aim to know more than nine out of ten.

Aim to build your character to a point where men declare you the best of any ten men of character.

Aim to train your energies so that you can work harder and longer than nine out of ten men.

When this harsh command reaches them, nine out of ten people shrink and say: "It's too hard for me. I can't do it. I have a job now that pays for my clothes, my food, and my room, leaving me enough over for one movie a week and one week's vacation in the summer. Why break my neck to get more?"

For all such I have no reproaches, no tears, no anger. Let them live down to themselves, if they wish. I don't want to reform the world. But I am keenly interested in helping high-grade, up-and-coming folks find their great opportunities and fit themselves for these.

To all such I say just one thing. *You can!*

YOU can double or treble most of your skills, all of your knowledge, and your gross efficiency on and off the job. It's all a matter of the right method of training. That, pursued with iron discipline.

As one of the upper ten, you must do as President Garfield did when a student working his way through college. He said to his old friend, Hinsdale, who told it to me:

"When I went to college, I quickly learned that I was not so bright as some of the other boys. So I resolved to use my energies to the utmost, to make up for that defect. Every night, as I studied next day's lessons, I watched the windows of my classmates in the dormitories around the campus. When the last light went out, I studied half an hour longer.

"That extra half hour did more than anything else to push me ahead, not only then but in later years. For in this world you don't have to be a lot better than other folks. If you are just a trifle wiser, just a shade better informed, just a little more energetic, you surpass most people. A small margin of excellence is often quite as useful as a wide margin."

Never was truer word spoken. And it is just this small margin of excellence that I commend to you. Don't kill yourself trying to surpass Einstein in mathematics. But do strive to add, subtract, multiply, and divide more accurately and faster than nine out of ten people in your office or shop. Don't wear yourself down trying to match Demosthenes and William Jennings Bryan in oratory. Just speak well enough before the officers and workers in the weekly meetings so that people say you are better than nine out of ten.

Don't set false and impracticable ideals. Follow only those which realize your dream of a better job at better pay within a reasonable time. All such ideals are built on the Garfield model of marginal superiority. They're not wild; they're all tame.

It is of such that I speak when I tell you that *you can* get that better job.

YOU can outwork nine out of ten men around you. That's far from hard if you enjoy only average health and an average constitution. Yours is an eight-hour day and a forty-hour week? Then suppose you put in only one hour a day more than the forty-hour-a-weekers. Suppose you asked no pay for overtime. Suppose you merely tried to tune yourself up for better performance later. *Follow sound methods,* and you will quickly outclass nine out of ten men in your skills and knowledge relating to the business. How soon is soon? Oh, within one or two years, perhaps. It all depends on the field.

Which methods are sound?

Those which start with fundamentals, first of all. Those which aim always to accomplish more and more in less and less time and with less and less effort.

You can relearn to read in such a manner that you soon outshine the top officials of the company. Here's a ghastly secret: Many men at the top read with less comprehension and speed than sixth-grade schoolboys. Some years ago I tested a large group of executives in New York City just to see if what I had guessed could be true. It was. They read abominably. They misunderstood much of what they thought they had grasped. They read slowly. One man, after my tests, gasped: "Now I see why I'm worn out on this job. My predecessor quit at three every day. I have to stick around until eight almost every night. I get behind on reading reports and mail."

In almost every higher job reading is vital. No matter what the work, much information about it appears only in print. If you fall behind on your trade and technical journals, you soon are an old fogy. At the age of forty most workers are fifty years behind the times—just because they will not keep up on their reading.

Want to make good on your job? Then don't miss Professor Pitkin's article next week!

Several excellent books have told how to improve your reading. Study them well. Any librarian can refer you to them.

You can double your skill in arithmetic and higher branches of mathematics, with the right method consistently pursued. Short cuts in arithmetic are most valuable in hundreds of jobs. More important still are the practical applications of ordinary mathematics to the work at hand. Here too you can find many fine books to guide you step by step.

You can write vastly better than nine out of ten people in your organization. But you must start afresh if you went through the wretched public-school courses on English composition. The art of useful writing is a straightforward one which any steady worker and clear thinker can master short of brilliant attainment. Put in one hour a day at it; and a year will astonish you.

You can learn nearly everything there is to know about the business in which you seek a better job if you study intelligently for at least two hours a day steadily, week-ends included, for one or two years. What if you read at an ordinary speed? You will finish between 12,000 and 18,000 words every day, according to the difficulty of the subject. Put in another hour writing up notes on what you have read; then file these notes neatly.

In one year you will have read and taken notes on more than *four million words about the business.* That's the same as forty books of standard length. Are there as many books about the business? I doubt it. How many people have read them all? Only a few big shots near the top.

I guarantee that, if you do this for one year, you will be the talk of the shop, provided that you use what you know and make it known to everybody in the shop that you are doing just that. Don't hide those forty volumes under a bushel! Put them to work for you. What's the use of capturing a million facts if you don't make them your slaves?

You can master one or two difficult skills every year if you use sound methods, skills you are likely to be needing soon around the job. How long will it take to learn them? No answer. Some skills can be mastered in 500 hours of drill. Others require 5,000 hours. You know which job skills you want to learn. I don't.

You can meet more people and make more friends than nine out of ten men around you do. Method is easy here. Just meet them. Keep a date book. Keep a record of every worth-while person. What's his position? What's his chief interest? How did you get along with him? What are his family and business connections?

You can go farthest with all these tasks if you break them up into short periods of high effort and alternate the kinds of work done so that no two tasks use the same muscles continuously. In short, read for half an hour, then meet people for half an hour, then practice some skill for half an hour, and so on, to get the best results with the least strain.

LONG ago I told you the three great rules. Use what you know! Do what you can! Live up to yourself! Now I add this advice to every man and woman eager to rise into higher positions:

Study ever, so that you are always knowing more.

Practice ever, so that you are steadily growing more skillful and more versatile.

Lift yourself to higher and higher levels, so that the task of living up to yourself becomes harder and harder.

As you advance thus, continue to apply the three great rules. And you cannot fail, save by some mad chance such as a world war or a world famine or a world epidemic.

Surely by now it is plain that such a program calls for rare character. The will to work toward great goals must come from you. Nobody can give it to you. All I—or anybody else—can do is to convince you that, now as ever, the world cries for men and women of such character more than for skilled workers or for walking encyclopedias.

Take all the advertisements for Help Wanted. Condense them into a few lines, and here is how they read:

HELP WANTED: Men and women to take over the world and set it right, doing the world's work meanwhile. Must be here to stay. Must believe the world is not coming to an end next Thursday. Must expect no miracles but must be eager to put in 100,000 hours between birth and death trying to fulfill the Great American Dream of widespread comfortable freedom. Apply Anywhere, Any Time.

THE END

40 ANSWERS by WILLIAM C. DE MILLE

to his questions on page 54

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In some cases, the answers given are not the only ones possible. Other examples may be found.]

1—Joseph Jefferson, in a one-minute film, Rip's Awakening.

2—Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck.

3—Charlie Chaplin.

4—The Clansman. (1914.)

5—Sarah Bernhardt in Queen Elizabeth. (1912.)

6—David Wark Griffith.

7—Borzage, Lloyd, and Capra.

8—Charlie Chaplin, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Robert Donat, Ronald Colman.

9—Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Nino Martini.

10—Eighty-five million.

11—David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities, A Christmas Carol, Oliver Twist.

12—Romeo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew, A Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It.

13—The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

14—Noah and Wallace Beery, Charles and Wesley Ruggles, William and Dustin Farnum, Ralph and Tom Ince, Cecil and William de Mille, Warner Brothers, and Marx Brothers.

15—Greta Gustaffson.

16—The Covered Wagon, Pony Express, The Plainsman, Union Pacific, Wells Fargo, Northwest Passage.

17—Oscar.

18—(*a*) Theda Bara; (*b*) Gloria Swanson; (*c*) Clara Bow; (*d*) Ann Sheridan.

19—Irving G. Thalberg.

20—Henry B. Walthall.

21—The Spoilers—April, 1914.

22—The Strand Theater, New York, opened with The Spoilers, April, 1914.

23—Cecil B. De Mille.

24—John Garfield, Robert Taylor, Cary Grant.

25—Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Jean Arthur.

26—Charlie McCarthy.

27—(*a*) Marlene Dietrich; (*b*) Claudette Colbert; (*c*) Isa Miranda; (*d*) Norma Shearer; (*e*) Errol Flynn; (*f*) Jean Hersholt; (*g*) Paul Muni; (*h*) Al Jolson; (*i*) Merle Oberon.

28—Shirley Temple.

29—(*a*) Emily Brontë; (*b*) Jonathan Swift; (*c*) Victor Hugo.

30—(*a*) Huckleberry Finn; (*b*) The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes; (*c*) The Little Princess.

31—(*a*) Juarez; (*b*) Gone with the Wind; (*c*) Beau Geste; (*d*) Nurse Edith Cavell.

32—(*a*) Carole Lombard; (*b*) Barbara Stanwyck; (*c*) Joan Fontaine; (*d*) Lana Turner; (*e*) Annabella.

33—(*a*) Mrs. Arthur Hornblow; (*b*) Mrs. Joel Pressman; (*c*) Mrs. Francis Griffin; (*d*) Mrs. J. W. Ruben; (*e*) Mrs. Gene Raymond.

34—Mickey Mouse; Donald Duck.

35—San Francisco, The Rains Came, The Hurricane, The Good Earth.

36—(*a*) Stanley and Livingstone; (*b*) Alexander Graham Bell; (*c*) Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet; (*d*) The Great Victor Herbert; (*e*) Jesse James.

37—Mickey Rooney.

38—Star billing: "Purity Pictures present Alma Alden in The Widow's Cruise." Feature billing: "Purity Pictures present The Widow's Cruise with Alma Alden."

39—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Charlie Chaplin, David Wark Griffith.

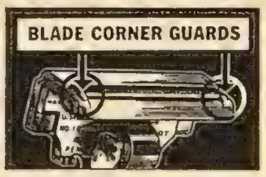
40—No. The faster the camera speed, the more slowly the picture moves on the screen; and *vice versa*.

THE END

YOU WOULDN'T BUY A 1905 PHONOGRAPH

But do you shave with a razor INVENTED BEFORE 1900?

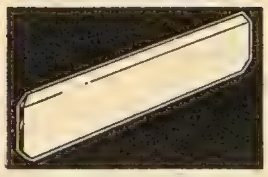
The first successful safety razors came on the scene about 1900—*40 years ago.* Since that time few really important advancements were made in razor design until the invention of the Schick magazine-type razor. Improvements in that product resulted in the Schick Injector Razor. Already, more than 5,000,000 men have switched to this up-to-date shaving instrument.



1. *Blade Corner Guards* . . . among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners.

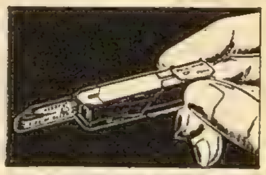
SOLID GUIDE BAR

2. *Solid Guide Bar* . . . Schick Injector perfected solid "toothless" guide bar to control skin "action" in front of blade edge; avoids nicks, scratches by *flattening* skin. You can even shave against the grain.

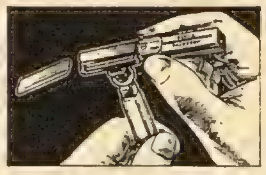


3. *Double Thick Blades* . . . Schick Blades are just as long and twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than *wafer-thin* ones. They are able to take a really thorough sharpening at the factory!

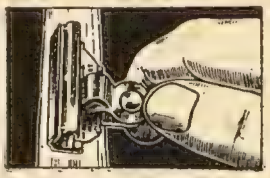
THE GREATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN SAFETY RAZOR DESIGN IN MORE THAN 35 YEARS ARE FOUND IN THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR



4. *Oil-Sealed Blades* . . . Schick Blades are sealed in this metal Injector cartridge in a bath of oil. Keen edges suspended in space. Nothing can rub or dull them. You buy blades 20 or 12 at a time.

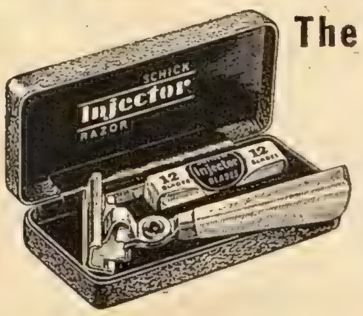


5. *Automatic Blade Change* . . . A pull and push on Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble. Saves valuable time every day you shave.



6. *Instant Cleaning* . . . Nothing to take apart when you clean this razor. A quick flush under faucet does trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping necessary. Here is another great time saver!

The "POPULARITY" KIT $1.00



Smart, pigskin-grain case contains Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades. 20-year razor guarantee stamped in bottom of every Kit. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

Same prices now prevail in Canada

HOUSEWIFE FINDS OUT ABOUT COMMUNISTS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Up to a few years ago my knowledge of Communism and its workings were nil; for, to be frank, I had never met a Communist, heard one speak, or read any of their literature. But for the past few years I have lived in a Housing Project, and have come to know them, their methods, and to recognize their fellow travelers, for some of them are my neighbors.

Social activities and proper community life are supposed to be an important part of good housing. A short time after moving here, various clubs were organized. I have been an officer in one of these clubs for two years. When our constitution was drawn up, one paragraph stated that nothing of a political or religious nature was to be discussed in business meetings, yet we did enter into politics. Shortly after organizing, one of the members suggested that we form a branch of the American League for Peace and Democracy. Although we did not form a branch ourselves, a branch was formed, and meetings held in the Project. We were also invited to join the Progressive Women's Council, which, while it may not be entirely Communistic, certainly has a large Communistic following.

After local clubs had been formed, it was suggested that a key club act as governing group for the rest of the clubs. Each organization sent two delegates to this key club, and, strangely enough, our two delegates are today known to be members of the Communist Party. They will tell you so.

During a certain political campaign several of us were approached and asked to vote for the Communist candidates.

One day a member of the club approached me and asked if it were true that our club was a Communist front organization. It seems a member of the Communist Party had told her that the clubs were such, and that the sprinkling of Communists in the Project were handling the situation nicely. I started an investigation.

When I thought I had enough evidence, I brought the matter before the club. I asked our delegates if it were true that certain things had been taken up in the key club of which we were unaware. I also asked if they had taken an active part in politics. I was informed that *when we put them into office we gave them a vote of confidence and therefore it was not necessary for them to inform us of their actions unless they so wished.*

Unreasonable as it sounds, it actually happened. They told us they were fighting Fascism and Nazism, and by their efforts our own community would some day be saved from Fascist bombs! I dropped out soon afterward, and so did the majority of the membership. The club finally folded, and it isn't likely that it will function again.

Questions were asked and several clubs withdrew their delegates from the key club, or simply refused to pay their dues. It worked so well the key club went out of existence a few months ago. Club after club disbanded, and today you find only a few active tenant organizations. Their leaders tell me it is the Communist influence that has done it.

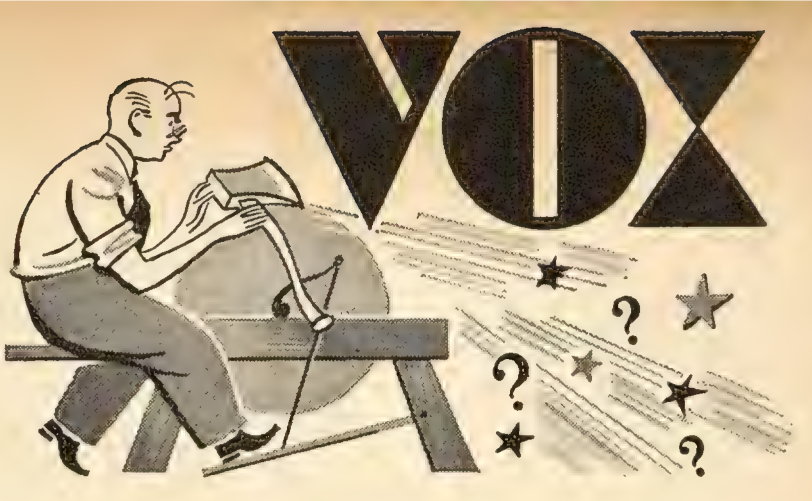
But hardly a week goes by without our having some sort of Communist literature placed in our mailboxes or under our doors. While it is a rule here that permission must be granted by the office before any literature can be distributed, either the office does know and can do nothing to stop it, or they have given permission for the distribution of such literature. Complaints have been made by tenants, but the literature still comes.

My reason for writing is to explain how easy it is for the average American to be misled. I come from a long line of Yankees and my grandfather fought in the Civil War.

It is time a Comrade X did expose these clever workings, so Americans can be on their guard. You yourself may be a member of a "front." If your club is endorsing certain measures endorsed by the Communist Party, then in all probability you have a Communist planted in your midst.

Yes, I have worn my share of lisle stockings because the club voted to boycott Japan. I stopped buying German and Japanese goods. I have donated to their cause unknowingly, have attended their meetings as a delegate, written to Congress for them, etc. Yes, I was a good stooge while I lasted!

Wake up, America! For the problem is real. Comrade X is 100 per cent right. I know, for I have learned by sad experience.—*Mrs. G. G.*

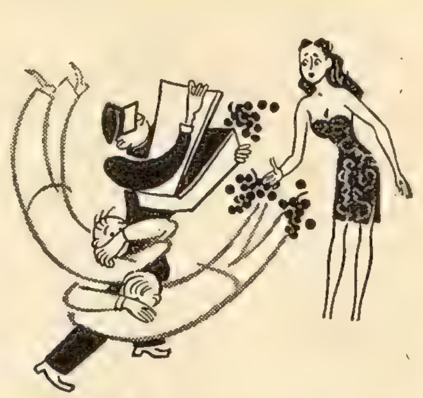


THAT BOXING MESS

BEDFORD, PA.—I hate to get personal, but—assuming that the boxing mess is everything Mr. Kennedy says it is (March 2 Liberty)—just how much worse would it be in the hands of the present administration?—*S. H. Hulse.*

FRUIT FOR FLICKERVILLE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. — Answering the question put forth in March 16 Vox Pop by yourself and Jack Matlack, of the pear country, as to whether or not the flickerville famous receive the edibles sent them, the answer is a definite "yes." Unfortunately yes, for me, at times. You see, I am one of the office boys in the mail room at the Paramount studio, which gives me the task of toting the various delectables to our stars, and often they are pretty weighty.



Not so long ago, an admiring fan sent a crate of muscat grapes to Dorothy Lamour. Delivery of said grapes fell to my lot. So off to the Road to Singapore set I went with my grapes. Bob Hope saw, and called Bing Crosby. Together they tried to steal the grapes from under my nose, or rather off my shoulder. Dorothy was about to do a scene, consequently could not claim what was rightfully hers. My tussle with Messrs. Hope and Crosby continued until the director, Victor Schertzinger, came to my rescue, and hers, by calling recess for a repast with grapes. They hit the spot. Whoever sent them, thanks from me.—*Jack Herzberg.*

NOM DE FREDERICK!

NEWARK, MD.—Great Fredericks! When are you going to publish a contemporary bit by Frederick Frederick Frederick?

Viewing the constancy with which this name keeps its appearance in Liberty, one might speculate that the editors have a marked liking for this particular moniker, perhaps dating back to some admiration for Frederick the Great.

Or maybe it is preordained that lads with talent shall be called Frederick. It can't be tradition to splash them with this "plume" or nom de plume.

Anyhow, reminiscing for just a moment, we may find Frederick L. Collins, Frederick R. Bechdolt, Frederick James Smith, Frederick Lewis, Frederick Nebel, and others.

Oh, that my name were Frederick! — *Melvin L. Palmer.*

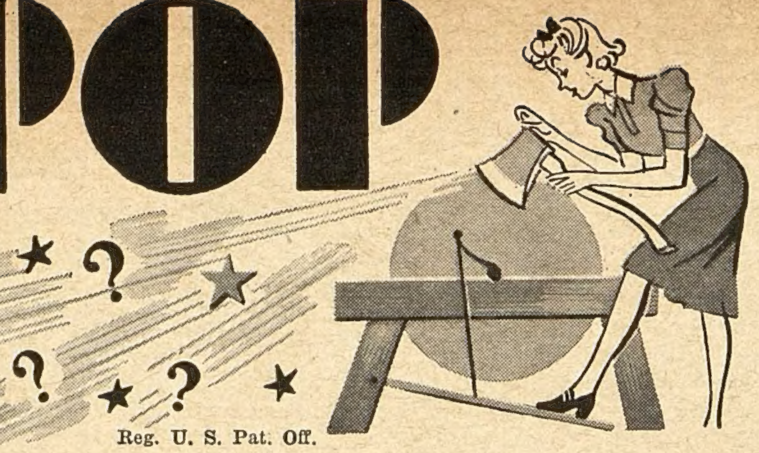
LONDONER WONDERS—

LONDON, ENG. — I wonder how many readers of Can Hitler Conquer America? (February 17 Liberty) feel as gloomy as does your contributor! I find it hard to believe that the great Republic is already so diseased that, given a little Nazi pressure from inside, it will burst asunder like a rotten pumpkin!

How many Americans believe Hitler will try to conquer America—and how many are hoping that somehow, at the cost of *Allied* blood and treasure, their land may be spared?—*V. W. Gilbert.*

¶ "Why not run Hoover and Hoover (Herbert and Edgar) on the Republican ticket? Then they could promise four chickens in every pot and four cars in every garage," suggests Ned Mauston of Los Angeles.

POP



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OUR LITTLE GIRL AUTHOR

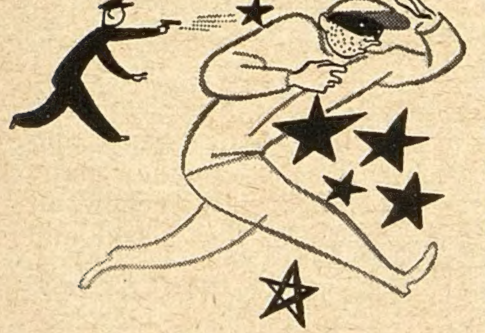
New York, N. Y.—I read Elizabeth Starr's story in Liberty and liked it very much. May I wish her continued success?—*Kirsten Flagstad.*

Council Grove, Kan.—If ever I got a crack between the eyes, it was when I read the footnote to One Man's Love (March 9 Liberty). I am just regaining consciousness. Elizabeth Starr! Honey, an old-timer of sixty-two, who has seen much of his work in print and has received some acclaim, salutes you with all the admiration and appreciation he can give. Bless your marvelous little heart! May all light and power—human and divine—be with you evermore.—*Clarence R. Naff.*

10 EDDIES . . . . 6 STARS

Chicago, Ill. — Guys like Eddie Doherty make me proud I'm an Irishman, but the way he writes makes me sorry I'm not a Finn. It's too bad you cannot get about ten Dohertys. What a magazine you could put out then! I don't mean to say it's not O. K. now; it's the best— But still, ten or even five Dohertys . . .

Your opening article on J. Edgar Hoover—six stars, if you have a rating that high. I wonder if politicians realize how popular he is with the American people? I have heard thousands speak with admiration of him and no one say anything against him, except those no decent person would want on his side.



You're putting out a swell magazine. Thanks for all the pleasure you give me.—*South Sider.*

◖ "Et tu, Liberty! William Dudley Pelley can now apply for a first-class martyr's license. If Liberty won't let him yap, who will?" asks Gust Kundert from Java, South Dakota.

◖ "If Pelley is on the wormy side, why acknowledge his insignificance in so many words?" inquires E. J. Weiss of St. Louis, Missouri.

IS MOON EVER WARM ?

Butte, Mont.—Just a little nature study, wondering how a bright "July moon" gets "almost overhead" in the latitude of Atlantic City (or Bar Harbor).

Also wondering if a July moon shines warmer than, say, a December moon.

Effect of the brandy? or The Girl Next Door? (March 9 Liberty.)—*W. I. W.*

CONVERTED AT FIFTY

Herald, Ill.—Until now I have shunned for what I thought good reasons the reading of anything written by Bernarr Macfadden, and of anything by Henry George.

Today, at fifty, I am converted to the belief that Liberty is fighting for Americanism as it was and ought to be, that Bernarr Macfadden is fighting for a decent and self-respecting Americanism as it can and will be, and that the Georgists are fighting to eliminate the mistakes we have made in Americanism that have prevented capital and labor from being what they *might be.* — *Charles Rodgers.*

◖ "It's a wheeze but tell Jack Barlass (March 16 Vox Pop) about the old sure-fire way to success: Marry the boss's daughter," snickers Jack Hill of Whittier, California.

THE CAPITAL OF HOLLAND

Oegstgeest, Netherlands—In the Twenty Questions of January 13 Liberty I found to the twelfth question, "What is the capital of the Netherlands?" the answer, "The Hague." May I point out to you that this is wrong and that the capital of my country is Amsterdam and that The Hague is the royal residence?—*Amalia C. Rühl.*

ARCHDUKE'S FIRST JOB

Miami, Fla.—I hope the article Can Carol Survive? (March 23 Liberty) written by Archduke Franz Josef, proved as interesting to some of your other readers as it did to me, but I doubt it. My main interest is in the author, the young archduke who got his first job working in the Ford plant in Barcelona, Spain, when I was managing the Spanish Ford Company about fifteen years ago.

We wondered if this handsome young aristocrat was not looking for a pension because of his family name, so we put him to work on what we know as the body line, stuffing upholstery and tacking the imitation leather to the body frames. It didn't take us long to learn that he was asking no consideration because of his birthright.

With the experiences of having been more or less a professional exile, this same Franz Josef can possibly tell you lots of interesting tales.—*Sam Murray.*

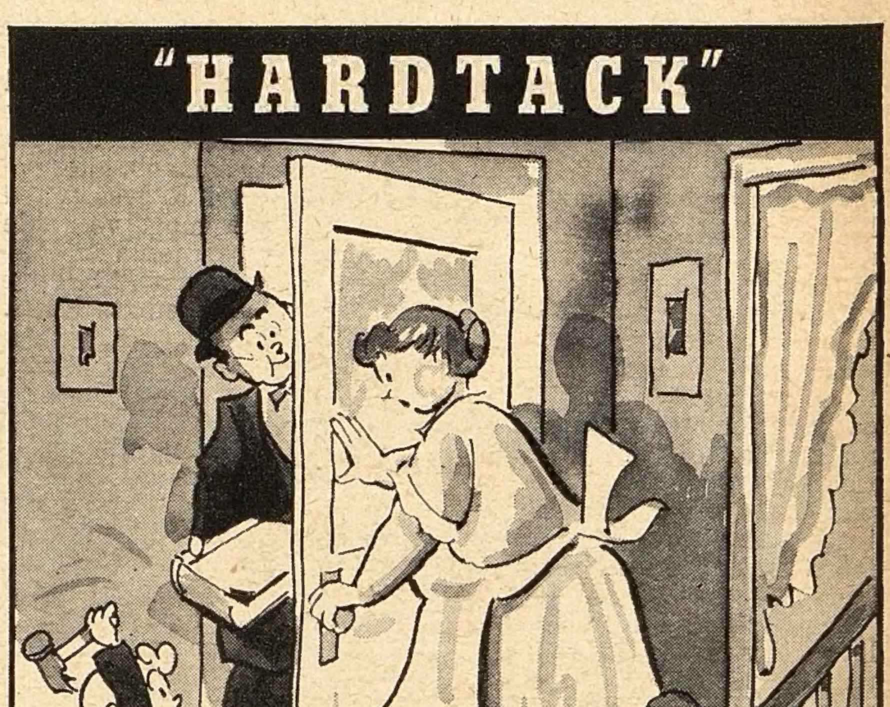
"YOUTH GETTING US DOWN"

New York, N. Y.—Can't something be done to clear up the situation in regard to the use of the word youth? It's getting us down—this business of picking up a newspaper screaming with "Youth" headlines, only to find the youths referred to with "bald and graying heads."

YOUTH LEADER

The term youth, we feel, was never intended to embrace any one over twenty-one.—*Harry Miller.*

◖ "Funny thing," remarks Mrs. J. L. Smith of Dallas, Texas, "I never see any complaints from Dallas, nor compliments, so I guess we are well satisfied with Liberty. Or what?"



"Now, ma?"

Is Roosevelt Physically Fit for a Third Term?

FULTON OURSLER

IN THE MONTHS before the convention in Chicago in 1932, the Democratic Party was agitated by a movement which had as its slogan " Stop Roosevelt." One of its arguments was repeated everywhere: " Franklin D. Roosevelt is not physically fit to be President of the United States. We don't want a cripple in the White House." To the editors of Liberty the question thus raised, for whatever motive, seemed important. Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, was asked if he would permit himself to be examined by a committee of physicians selected by Liberty, with the understanding that their findings, whether favorable or unfavorable to his candidacy, would appear in this magazine.

AS MANY MILLIONS of Liberty's readers will remember, Governor Roosevelt agreed to this proposal. The result, destined to play a decisive part in his campaign for the nomination, was the article entitled Is Franklin D. Roosevelt Physically Fit to Be President? From time to time, during the two terms of Mr. Roosevelt, we have repeated this experiment on a more modest scale. The health of the President is a matter of concern to every citizen; the people have a right to know his physical condition at all times. . . . Now comes the question of a third term. The belief persists in many quarters that the Democratic convention soon to be held will " draft " Mr. Roosevelt. At once the question arises whether his health is such that he could stand the strain of four more years in office. Moreover, the question suggested itself at a time when he had canceled engagements and kept to his room because of what has been described as intestinal flu. . . . Is President Roosevelt physically fit for a third term? Liberty offers an answer to that question next week in an article by Walter Karig, an article which should be read by every one interested in how our government is to function during the next four years.

THE PROBLEM OF ADULTERY has New York stirred up more than usual these days, thanks to the squabble about whether Bertrand Russell shall or shall not teach in the College of the City of New York. You may remember that Bishop Manning wrote a letter of protest to the New York newspapers, complaining that Mr. Russell was a teacher of and advocate of adultery and other preachings of which the bishop strongly disapproves. An action was started in the courts and victory rode with the bishop and his followers—Mr. Russell can't teach in the New York schools. . . . The brawl raises several questions, one of them factual: *Does* Mr. Russell preach adultery? We asked him to answer, and he has done so in a strong and yet gentle statement of his case. He actually admits that if he had it to write over again, he would change some of these statements he wrote years ago. You will find his answer to his critics in Liberty next week, under the title: Do I Preach Adultery?

JUST AS THE ROOSEVELT health article of 1932 is still talked about, so the serial novel I Married a Nazi, which we published last year, is still discussed. That novel by Oscar Schisgall appeared in book form under another title, Swastika, but in its film version, now being prepared, we understand the producers are going back to the original and much more explicit title. Meanwhile, the author, Oscar Schisgall, has written a new novel for us, a story bound to fascinate all the millions who enjoyed his previous yarn. Wings of Wrath begins next week, and we commend it to you with a warm feeling that you will enjoy the printed pages as much as we enjoyed the typescript. Here is a story that is ahead of the headlines, in front of the front page, newer than news itself. You will love the characters and will live, through them, a series of adventures that could happen only in 1940, your own time.

YOU MAY THINK THAT WOMEN'S hats have nothing to do with war, or that the military has nothing to do with millinery. But John Erskine will tell you some things about Lilly Dache, that incomparable designer of headgear for the heedless hedonists, that will open your eyes; and Frederick L. Collins will tell you something about Frank Capra, the great movie director; and John Drebinger will tell you about how some baseball players get rich; and Professor Pitkin will tell you How to Make Good on the Job, once you have found one; and Earl Reeves will tell you about one of the most valuable of the many youth movements in the country today; and a mother will tell you about The Baby that Changed Its Mind.

AS FOR FICTION, there will be three short stories: A Shining Candle, by Samuel Hopkins Adams; Slippers for the Bride, by Mabel Goodwin Cleland; and The Man Who Played Coward for Love, by Robert O. Erisman. There will be more Tales Out of School by the coy Senator's Daughter who will not let us tell you her name; and more about Margaret Sangster's Oomph Girl. Could any one ask for more?

COURAGE, LADY! Letter from a woman who shall be nameless: " I have been a widow for many years with two daughters. They are now grown up but they still need me. I live with one girl, who provides a home for me. She is a good child and works when able. The other daughter is in no position to aid us. We live in a hotel room where we can cook, etc. I am forty-six years of age, strong and healthy, but unable to get work of any kind. We cannot pay our rent and are being threatened with eviction, which means the hotel keeps our clothes and everything we possess. I tried to get relief but would die in the gutter sooner than apply again, although I am a citizen and had my own business for many years. I sometimes think that I am in the way and it would be better for every one if I just stepped out of the picture. Should I go on? Is there any word you can say to me to help me keep up the fight? " . . . It may seem strange to quote in reply the words of a prizefighter. Yet an old friend of ours, now gone to his reward, ' Gentleman Jim ' Corbett, once said something that I think applies to your case, so if you don't mind I will let a voice from the dead answer you: ' Fight one more round. When your feet are so tired that you have to shuffle back to the center of the ring, fight one more round. When your arms are so tired that you can hardly lift your hands to come on guard, fight one more round. When your nose is bleeding and your eyes are black and you are so tired that you wish your opponent would crack you one on the jaw and put you to sleep, fight one more round—remembering that the man who always fights one more round is never whipped.'

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

"Fill Up...It's Springtime"

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2. Resists gumming. Distilled, refined, dewaxed, filtered—purged of clogging impurities.
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Your winter oil may be thinned down from choking. It may be dirty, gritty. Better get rid of it...*quick*.

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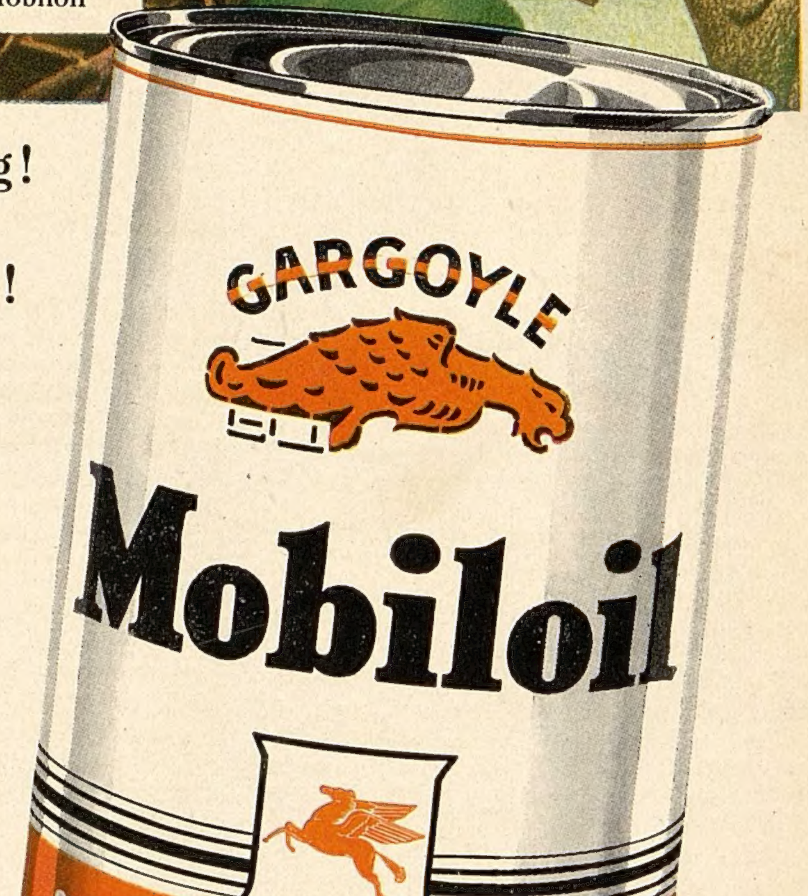
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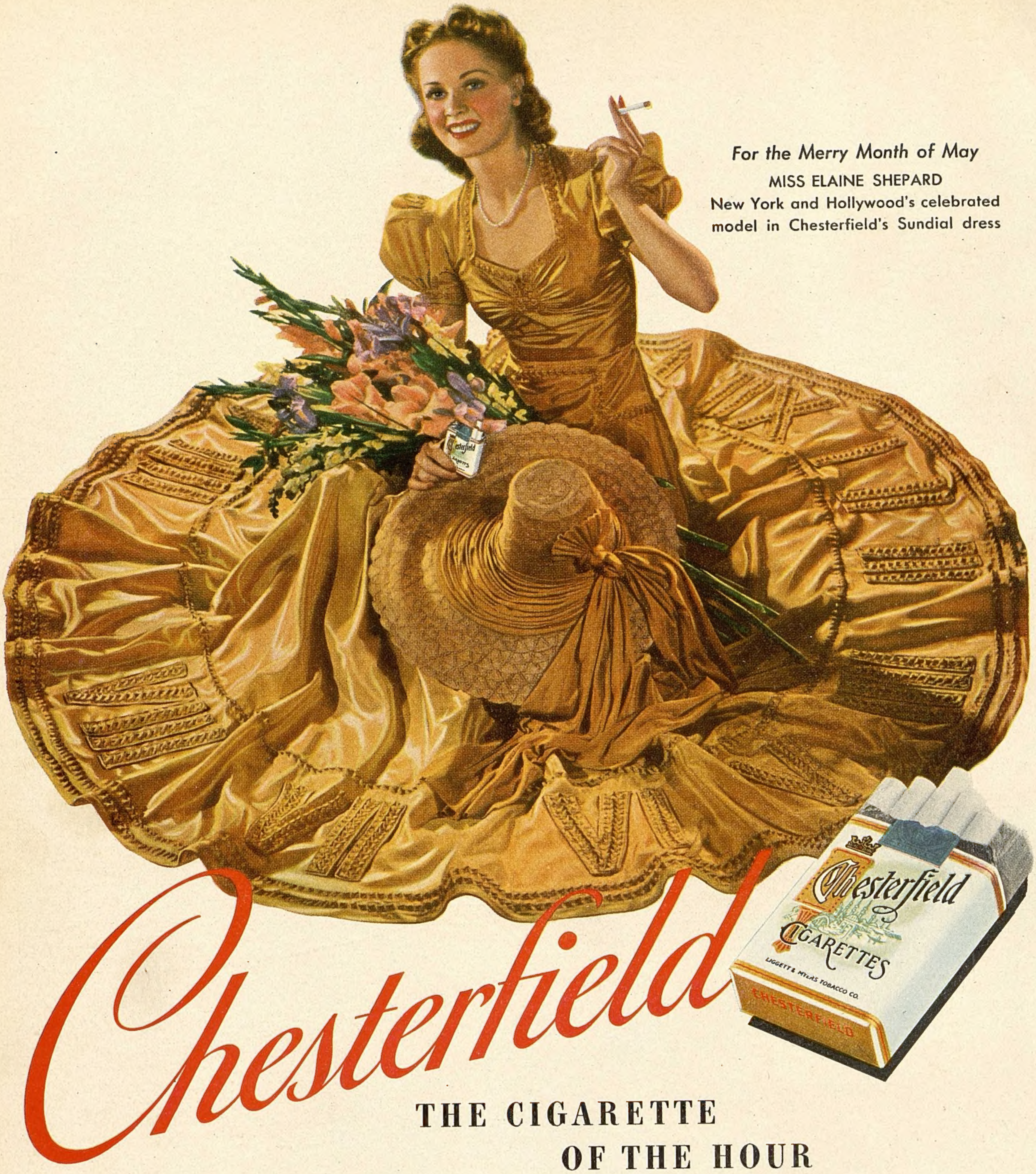
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